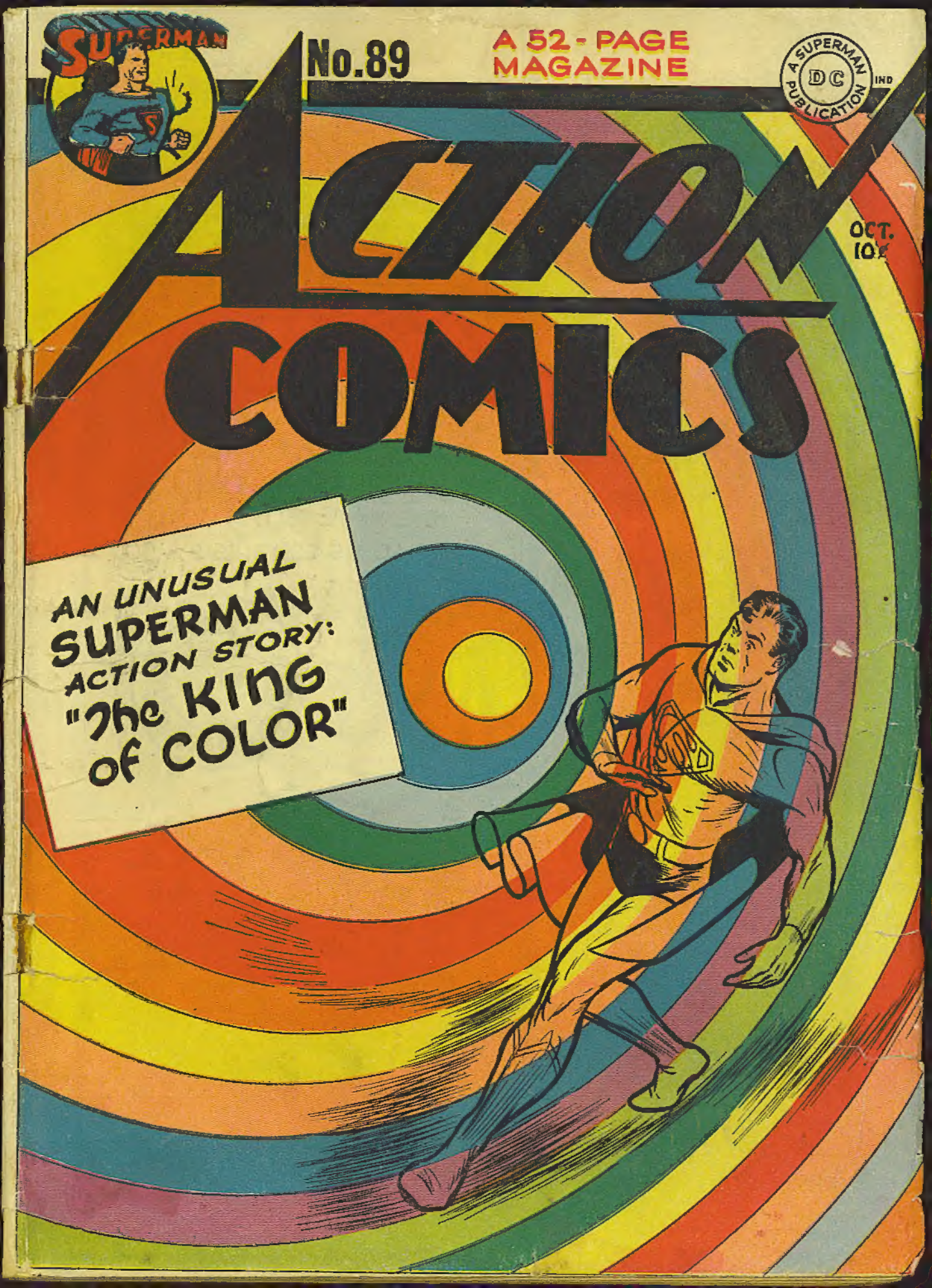
SUPERMAN
No.89
A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
IND
ACTION COMICS
OCT.
10¢
AN UNUSUAL SUPERMAN ACTION STORY:
"The KING of COLOR"

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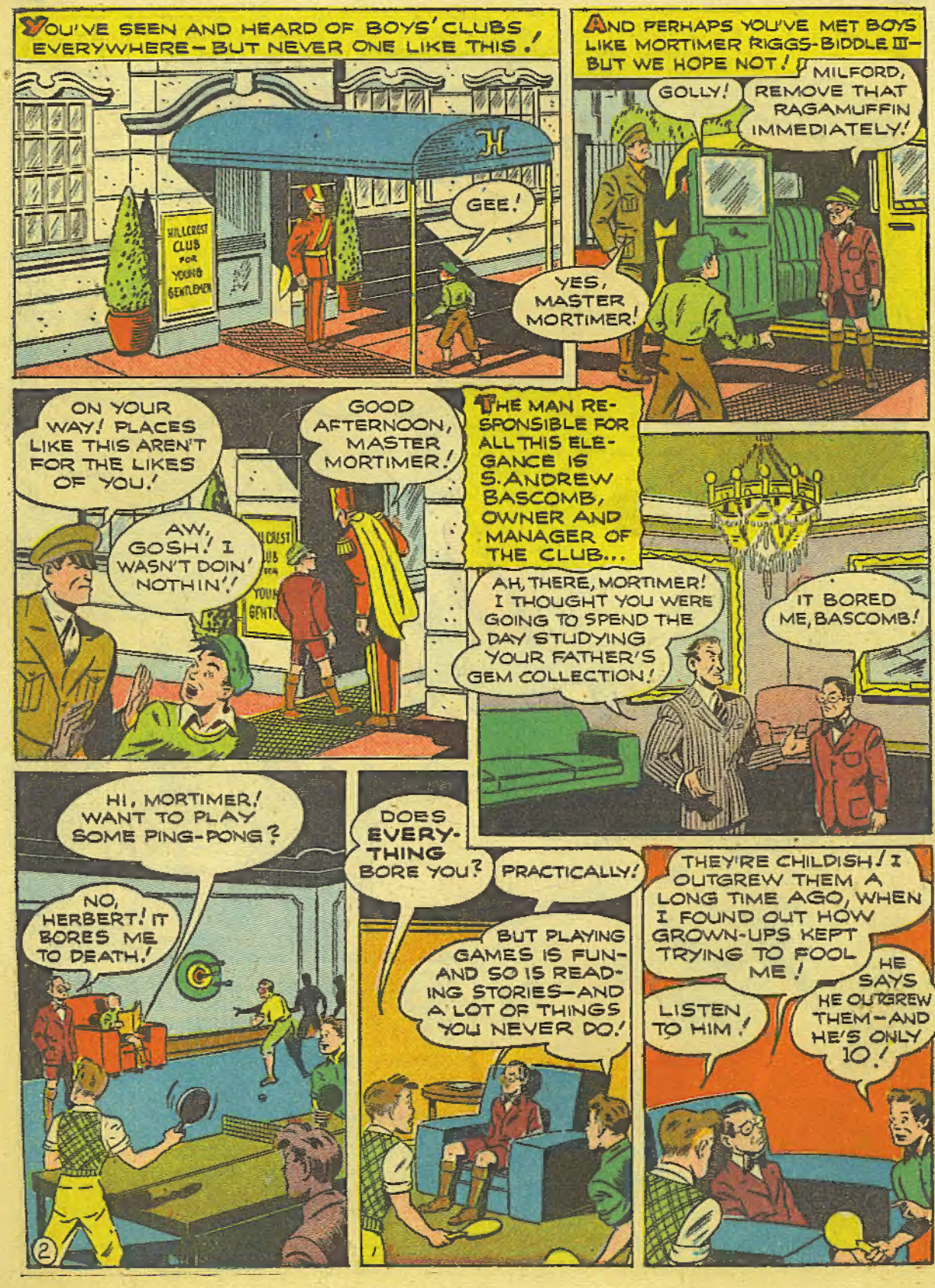
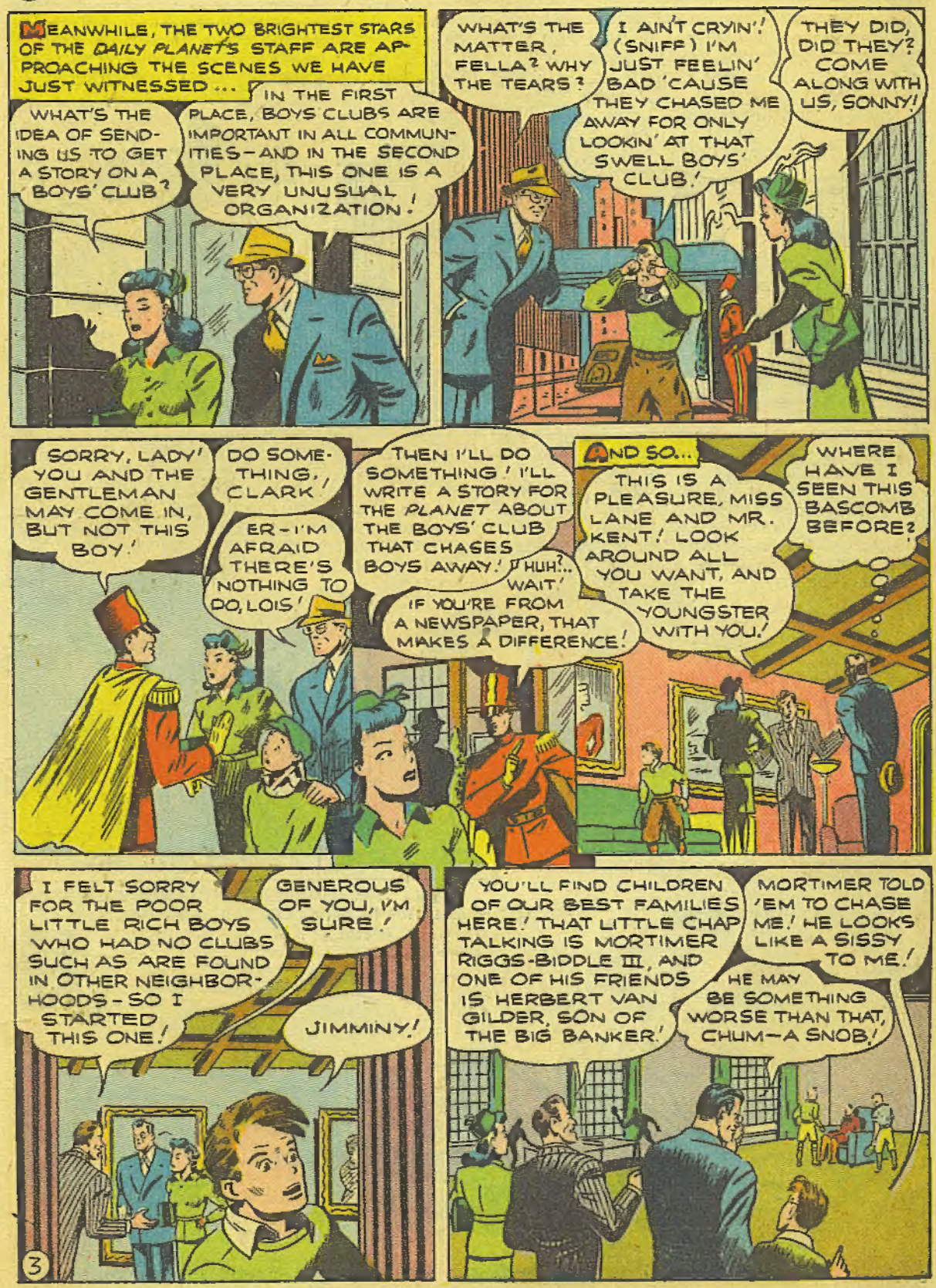
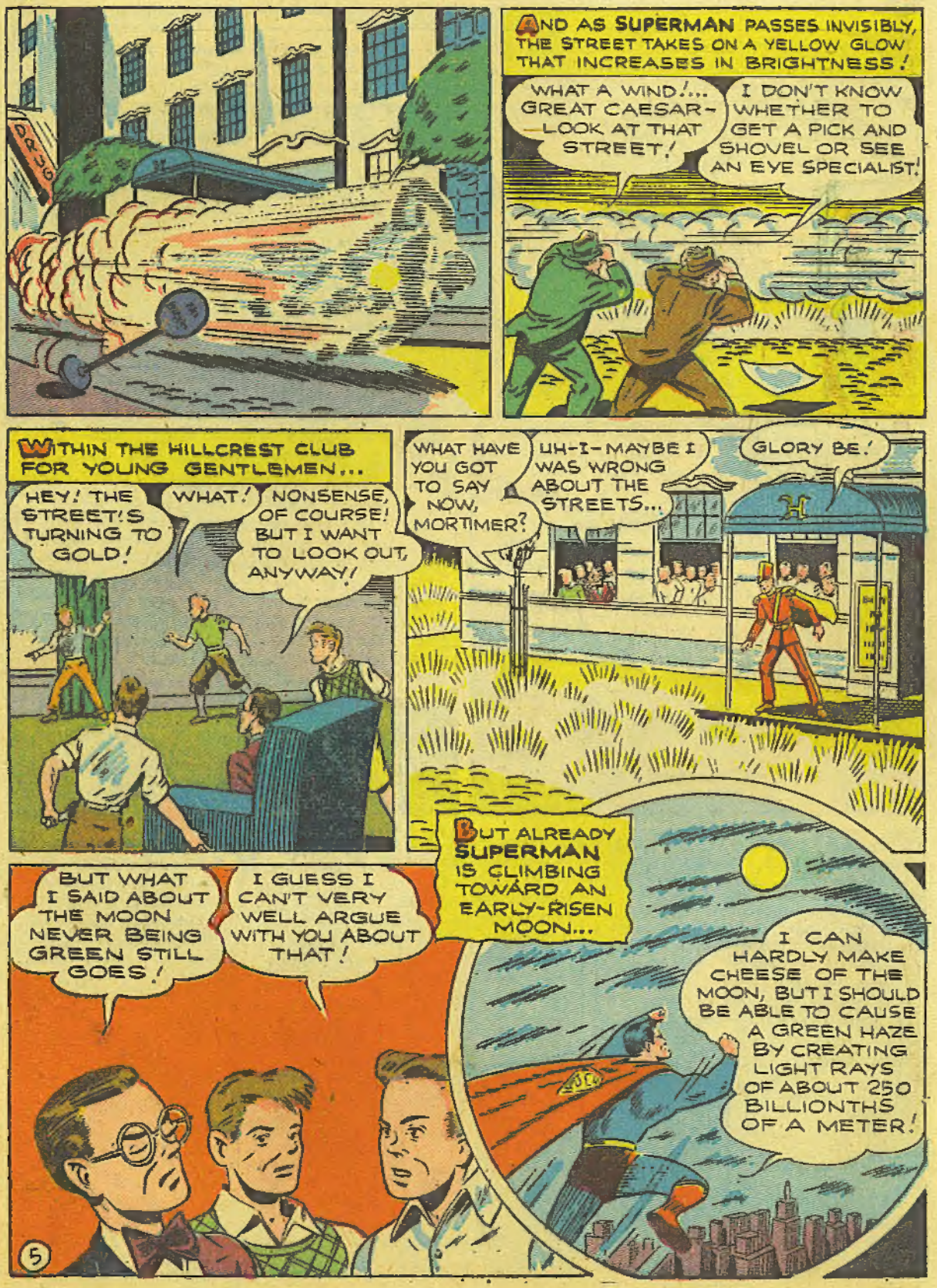
Printed in U. S. A.

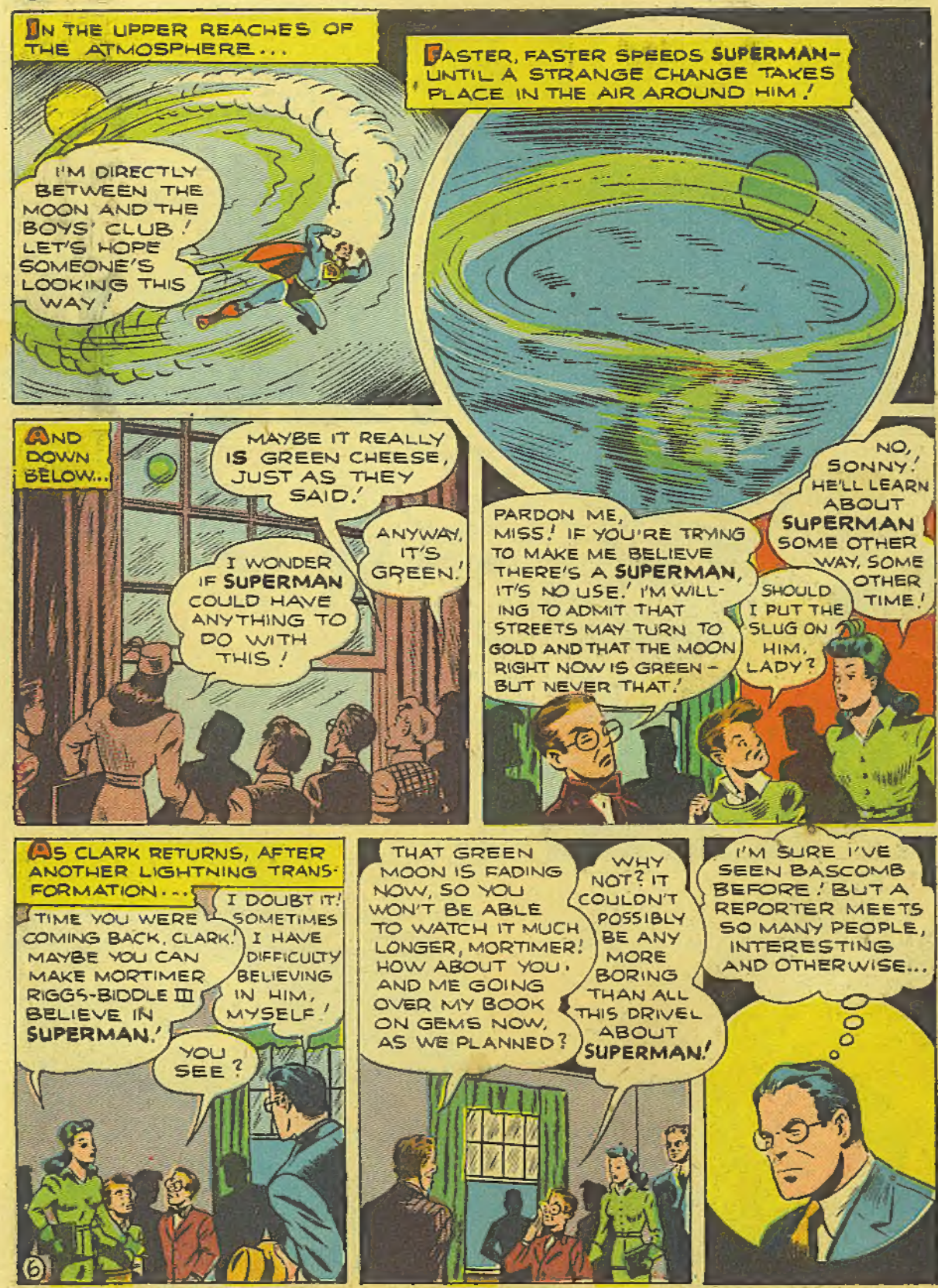
SUPERMAN
JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
HILLCREST CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TALK ABOUT LOOKING AT THE WORLD THROUGH ROSE-COLORED GLASSES! YOU'LL SEE METROPOLIS REFLECT ALL THE HUES OF THE RAINBOW WHEN SUPERMAN TAKES A HAND IN THE AFFAIRS OF AMERICA'S ONLY PLATINUM-PLATED BOYS' CLUB TO TEACH SPOILED AND PAMPERED YOUNGSTERS A LESSON IN MANNERS—AND, INCIDENTALLY, SMASH AN AMAZING CRIMINAL PLOT—WHEN HE IS FORCED TO BECOME—
"The KING of COLOR!"


YOU'VE SEEN AND HEARD OF BOYS' CLUBS EVERYWHERE—BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS!
HILLCREST CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN
GEE!
AND PERHAPS YOU'VE MET BOYS LIKE MORTIMER RIGGS-BIDDLE III—BUT WE HOPE NOT!
GOLLY!
MILFORD, REMOVE THAT RAGAMUFFIN IMMEDIATELY!
YES, MASTER MORTIMER!
ON YOUR WAY! PLACES LIKE THIS AREN'T FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!
AW, GOSH! I WASN'T DOIN' NOTHIN'!
GOOD AFTERNOON, MASTER MORTIMER!
THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS ELEGANCE IS S. ANDREW BASCOMB, OWNER AND MANAGER OF THE CLUB...
AH, THERE, MORTIMER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SPEND THE DAY STUDYING YOUR FATHER'S GEM COLLECTION!
IT BORED ME, BASCOMB!
HI, MORTIMER! WANT TO PLAY SOME PING-PONG?
NO, HERBERT! IT BORES ME TO DEATH!
DOES EVERYTHING BORE YOU?
PRACTICALLY!
BUT PLAYING GAMES IS FUN—AND SO IS READING STORIES—AND A LOT OF THINGS YOU NEVER DO!
THEY'RE CHILDISH! I OUTGREW THEM A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN I FOUND OUT HOW GROWN-UPS KEPT TRYING TO FOOL ME!
LISTEN TO HIM!
HE SAYS HE OUTGREW THEM—AND HE'S ONLY 10!
2


MEANWHILE, THE TWO BRIGHTEST STARS OF THE DAILY PLANET'S STAFF ARE APPROACHING THE SCENES WE HAVE JUST WITNESSED ...
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SENDING US TO GET A STORY ON A BOYS' CLUB?
IN THE FIRST PLACE, BOYS CLUBS ARE IMPORTANT IN ALL COMMUNITIES—AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, THIS ONE IS A VERY UNUSUAL ORGANIZATION!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FELLA? WHY THE TEARS?
I AIN'T CRYIN'! (SNIFF) I'M JUST FEELIN' BAD 'CAUSE THEY CHASED ME AWAY FOR ONLY LOOKIN' AT THAT SWELL BOYS' CLUB!
THEY DID, DID THEY? COME ALONG WITH US, SONNY!
SORRY, LADY! YOU AND THE GENTLEMAN MAY COME IN, BUT NOT THIS BOY!
DO SOMETHING, CLARK!
ER—I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING TO DO, LOIS!
THEN I'LL DO SOMETHING! I'LL WRITE A STORY FOR THE PLANET ABOUT THE BOYS' CLUB THAT CHASES BOYS AWAY!
HUH?... WAIT! IF YOU'RE FROM A NEWSPAPER, THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE!
AND SO...
THIS IS A PLEASURE, MISS LANE AND MR. KENT! LOOK AROUND ALL YOU WANT, AND TAKE THE YOUNGSTER WITH YOU!
WHERE HAVE I SEEN THIS BASCOMB BEFORE?
I FELT SORRY FOR THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOYS WHO HAD NO CLUBS SUCH AS ARE FOUND IN OTHER NEIGHBORHOODS—SO I STARTED THIS ONE!
GENEROUS OF YOU, I'M SURE!
JIMMINY!
YOU'LL FIND CHILDREN OF OUR BEST FAMILIES HERE! THAT LITTLE CHAP TALKING IS MORTIMER RIGGS-BIDDLE III, AND ONE OF HIS FRIENDS IS HERBERT VAN GILDER, SON OF THE BIG BANKER!
MORTIMER TOLD 'EM TO CHASE ME! HE LOOKS LIKE A SISSY TO ME!
HE MAY BE SOMETHING WORSE THAN THAT, CHUM—A SNOB!
3

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE A THING GROWN-UPS TELL YOU! WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, MY NURSE TOLD ME THERE WERE CITIES WITH STREETS OF GOLD!
CYNICAL LITTLE SHAVER, ISN'T HE?
TOO CYNICAL!
WHY, SHE EVEN SAID THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE—WHEN ANYBODY CAN SEE IT ISN'T GREEN, AT ALL!
THOSE ARE FAIRY TALES, MORTIMER! EVERY KID GETS TOLD THEM!
I BELIEVED THEM ONCE, AND THEY WERE FUN!
AND HOW ABOUT THIS SUPERMAN EVERYBODY TALKS OF? YOU CAN'T TELL ME THERE'S ANY SUCH PERSON, REALLY!
THERE IS, TOO! I KNOW A BOY WHO SAW HIM ONCE!
HMMM!
NO BOY SHOULD GROW UP DOUBTING EVERYTHING, THINKING HE KNOWS IT ALL! I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TAKE LITTLE MORTIMER DOWN A PEG OR TWO, FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
KEEP AN EYE ON OUR YOUNG FRIEND FOR A FEW MINUTES, WILL YOU, LOIS? I WON'T BE LONG!
YOU'D BETTER NOT BE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
ON A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE CLUB...
NEVER TRIED THIS BEFORE, BUT IT OUGHT TO BE POSSIBLE FOR SUPERMAN TO TURN STREETS TO GOLD—IN COLOR, AT LEAST! LET'S SEE...THE WAVELENGTH OF A BRIGHT YELLOW WOULD BE ABOUT 580 BILLIONTHS OF A METER...
AND THE MAN OF TOMORROW EMBARKS ON THE MOST COLORFUL ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER!
SINCE FREQUENCY OF RADIATION—OR ATOMIC MOTION—DETERMINES A COLOR, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO STIR UP THE PROPER FREQUENCY!
4


DR-50
AND AS SUPERMAN PASSES INVISIBLY, THE STREET TAKES ON A YELLOW GLOW THAT INCREASES IN BRIGHTNESS!
WHAT A WIND!... GREAT CAESAR—LOOK AT THAT STREET!
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO GET A PICK AND SHOVEL OR SEE AN EYE SPECIALIST!
WITHIN THE HILLCREST CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN...
HEY! THE STREET'S TURNING TO GOLD!
WHAT!
NONSENSE, OF COURSE! BUT I WANT TO LOOK OUT, ANYWAY!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW, MORTIMER?
UH-I-MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT THE STREETS...
GLORY BE!
BUT ALREADY SUPERMAN IS CLIMBING TOWARD AN EARLY-RISEN MOON...
BUT WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE MOON NEVER BEING GREEN STILL GOES!
I GUESS I CAN'T VERY WELL ARGUE WITH YOU ABOUT THAT!
I CAN HARDLY MAKE CHEESE OF THE MOON, BUT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CAUSE A GREEN HAZE BY CREATING LIGHT RAYS OF ABOUT 250 BILLIONTHS OF A METER!
5

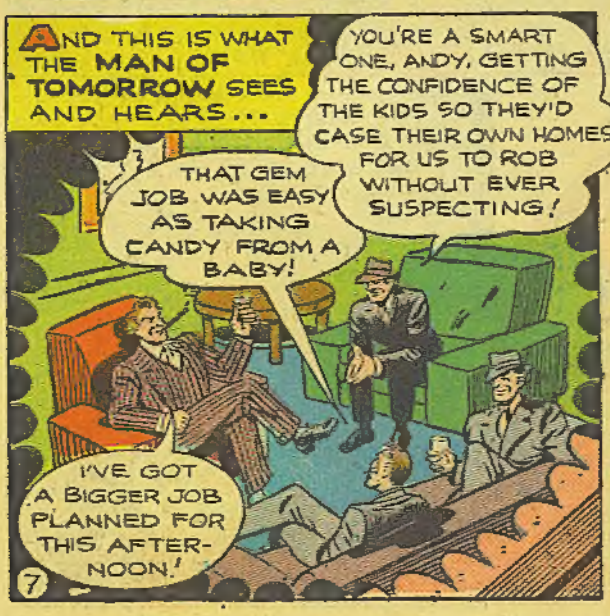

IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE ATMOSPHERE...
I'M DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE MOON AND THE BOYS' CLUB! LET'S HOPE SOMEONE'S LOOKING THIS WAY!
FASTER, FASTER SPEEDS SUPERMAN—UNTIL A STRANGE CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN THE AIR AROUND HIM!
AND DOWN BELOW...
MAYBE IT REALLY IS GREEN CHEESE, JUST AS THEY SAID!
ANYWAY, IT'S GREEN!
I WONDER IF SUPERMAN COULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS!
PARDON ME, MISS! IF YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THERE'S A SUPERMAN, IT'S NO USE! I'M WILLING TO ADMIT THAT STREETS MAY TURN TO GOLD AND THAT THE MOON RIGHT NOW IS GREEN—BUT NEVER THAT!
NO, SONNY! HE'LL LEARN ABOUT SUPERMAN SOME OTHER WAY, SOME OTHER TIME!
SHOULD I PUT THE SLUG ON HIM, LADY?
AS CLARK RETURNS, AFTER ANOTHER LIGHTNING TRANSFORMATION...
I DOUBT IT! SOMETIMES I HAVE DIFFICULTY BELIEVING IN HIM, MYSELF!
TIME YOU WERE COMING BACK, CLARK! MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE MORTIMER RIGGS-BIDDLE III BELIEVE IN SUPERMAN!
YOU SEE?
THAT GREEN MOON IS FADING NOW, SO YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WATCH IT MUCH LONGER, MORTIMER! HOW ABOUT YOU, AND ME GOING OVER MY BOOK ON GEMS NOW, AS WE PLANNED?
WHY NOT? IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE ANY MORE BORING THAN ALL THIS DRIVEL ABOUT SUPERMAN!
I'M SURE I'VE SEEN BASCOMB BEFORE! BUT A REPORTER MEETS SO MANY PEOPLE, INTERESTING AND OTHERWISE...
6

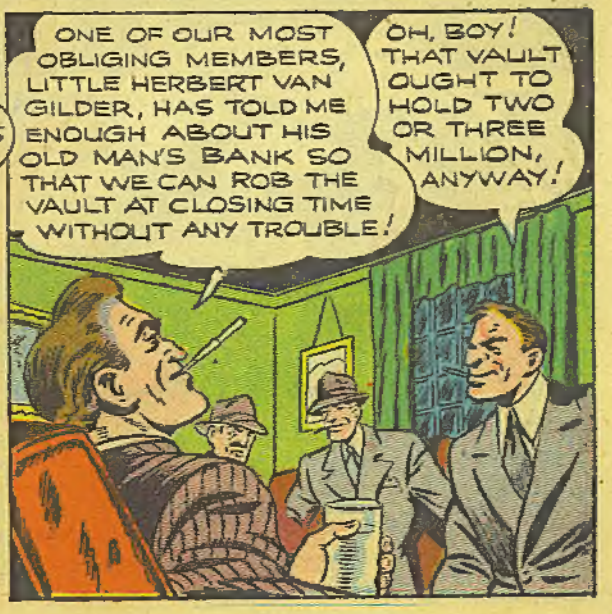
WELL, I'M GOING VISITING AT HIS HOUSE — TO GET A STORY! LAST NIGHT BURGLARS TOOK HIS FATHER'S GEM COLLECTION, WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!
WHAT!

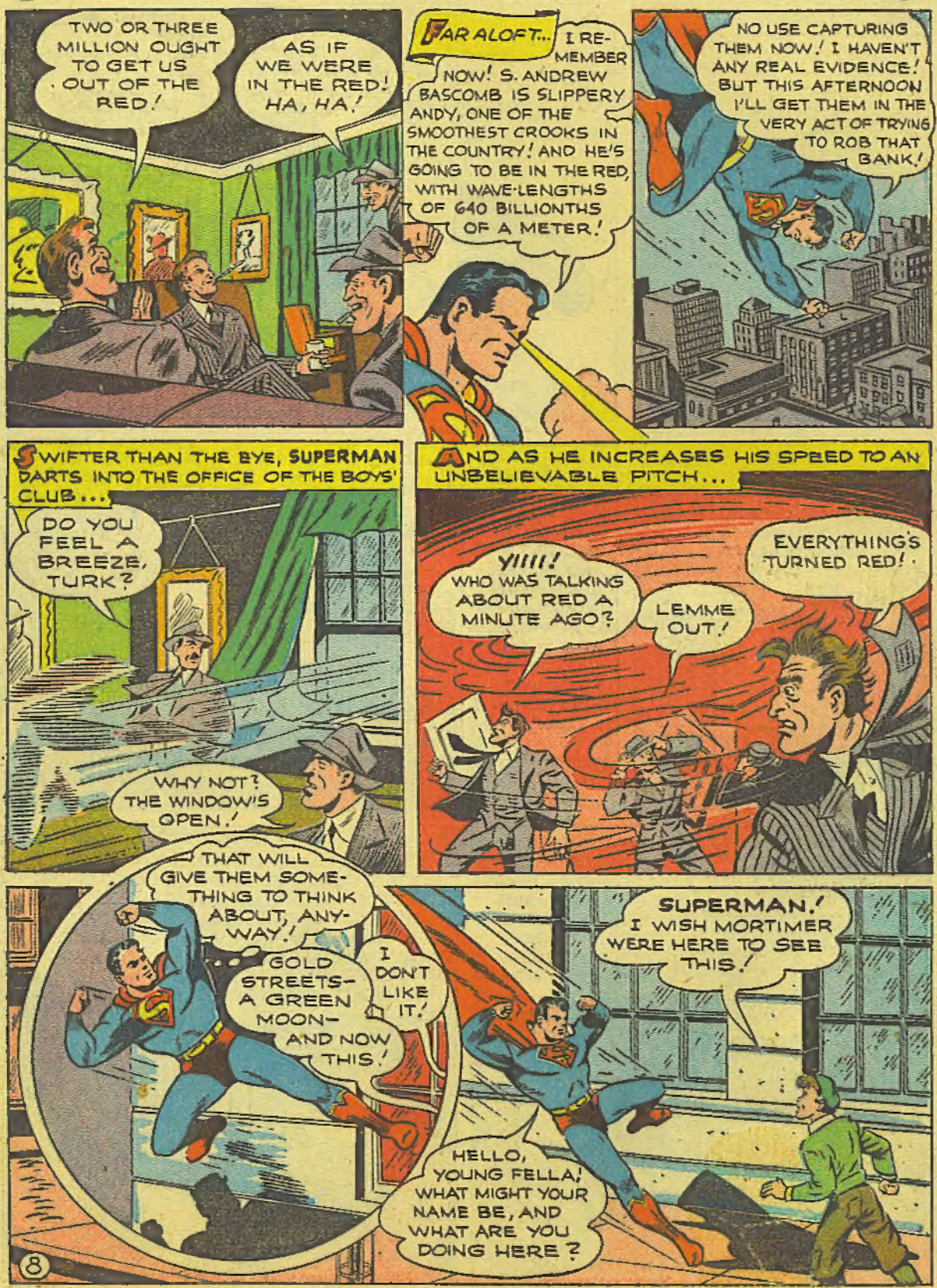
BASCOMB WANTED TO TALK WITH MORTIMER ABOUT GEMS! COULD HE HAVE BEEN PUMPING THE BOY FOR INFORMATION, WITH A BURGLARY IN MIND?

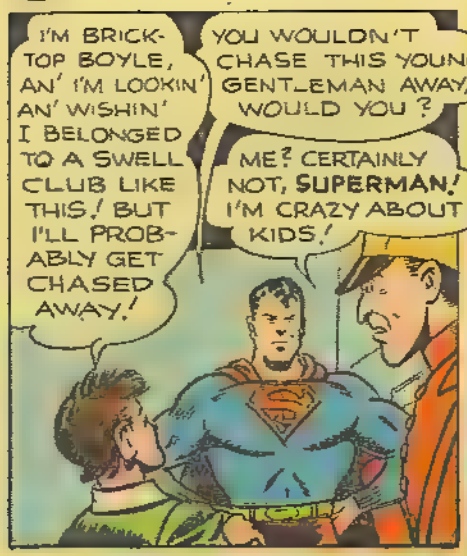
AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD BASCOMB START A SWANK CLUB FOR THOSE RICH KIDS? IF HE REALLY LIKED YOUNGSTERS, HE'D HAVE WELCOMED THAT RAGGED LITTLE FELLOW AS QUICKLY AS THE NEXT ONE!

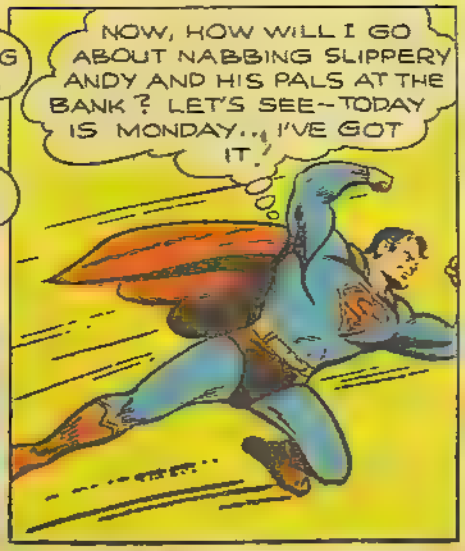
SECONDS LATER, FROM HIGH IN THE AIR, THE X-RAY TELESCOPIC EYES AND SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING OF **SUPERMAN'S** ARE TURNED ON THE "YOUNG GENTLEMENS CLUB...


AND THIS IS WHAT THE **MAN OF TOMORROW** SEES AND HEARS...
YOU'RE A SMART ONE, ANDY, GETTING THE CONFIDENCE OF THE KIDS SO THEY'D CASE THEIR OWN HOMES FOR US TO ROB WITHOUT EVER SUSPECTING!
THAT GEM JOB WAS EASY AS TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!
I'VE GOT A BIGGER JOB PLANNED FOR THIS AFTERNOON!
7

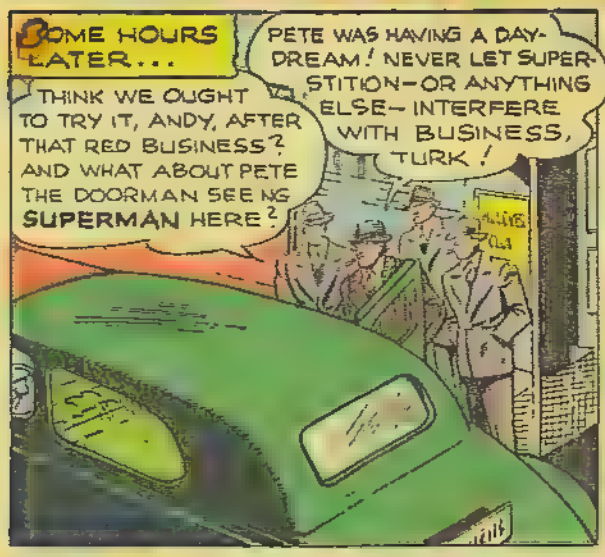

ONE OF OUR MOST OBLIGING MEMBERS, LITTLE HERBERT VAN GILDER, HAS TOLD ME ENOUGH ABOUT HIS OLD MAN'S BANK SO THAT WE CAN ROB THE VAULT AT CLOSING TIME WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!
OH, BOY! THAT VAULT OUGHT TO HOLD TWO OR THREE MILLION, ANYWAY!

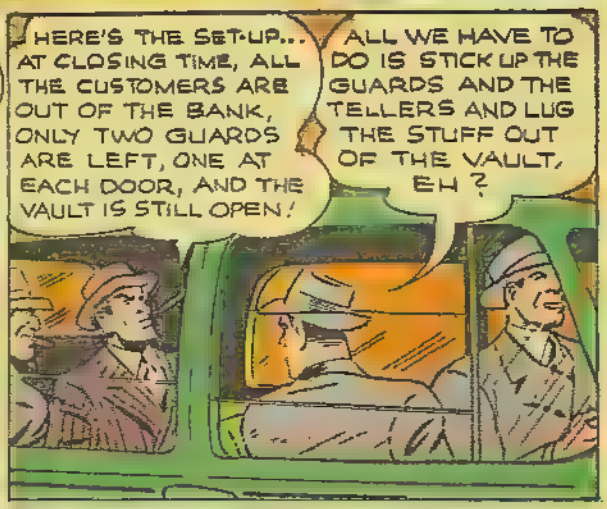

TWO OR THREE MILLION OUGHT TO GET US OUT OF THE RED!
AS IF WE WERE IN THE RED! HA, HA!
FAR ALOFT... I REMEMBER NOW! S. ANDREW BASCOMB IS SLIPPERY ANDY, ONE OF THE SMOOTHEST CROOKS IN THE COUNTRY! AND HE'S GOING TO BE IN THE RED, WITH WAVE-LENGTHS OF 640 BILLIONTHS OF A METER!
NO USE CAPTURING THEM NOW! I HAVEN'T ANY REAL EVIDENCE! BUT THIS AFTERNOON I'LL GET THEM IN THE VERY ACT OF TRYING TO ROB THAT BANK!
SWIFTER THAN THE BYE, SUPERMAN DARTS INTO THE OFFICE OF THE BOYS' CLUB...
DO YOU FEEL A BREEZE, TURK?
WHY NOT? THE WINDOW'S OPEN!
AND AS HE INCREASES HIS SPEED TO AN UNBELIEVABLE PITCH...
YIIII! WHO WAS TALKING ABOUT RED A MINUTE AGO?
LEMME OUT!
EVERYTHING'S TURNED RED!
THAT WILL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, ANYWAY!
GOLD STREETS—A GREEN MOON—AND NOW THIS!
I DON'T LIKE IT!
SUPERMAN! I WISH MORTIMER WERE HERE TO SEE THIS!
HELLO, YOUNG FELLA! WHAT MIGHT YOUR NAME BE, AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

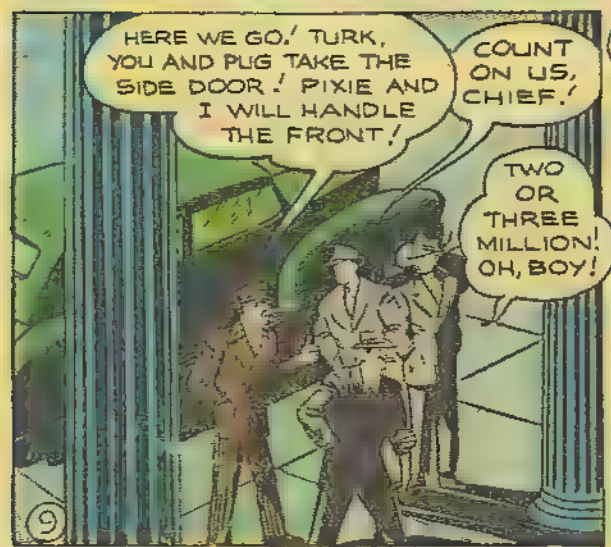

I'M BRICK-TOP BOYLE, AN' I'M LOOKIN' AN' WISHIN' I BELONGED TO A SWELL CLUB LIKE THIS! BUT I'LL PROB-ABLY GET CHASED AWAY!
YOU WOULDN'T CHASE THIS YOUNG GENT-LEMAN AWAY, WOULD YOU?
ME? CERTAINLY NOT, SUPERMAN! I'M CRAZY ABOUT KIDS!


NOW, HOW WILL I GO ABOUT NABBING SLIPPERY ANDY AND HIS PALS AT THE BANK? LET'S SEE—TODAY IS MONDAY... I'VE GOT IT!

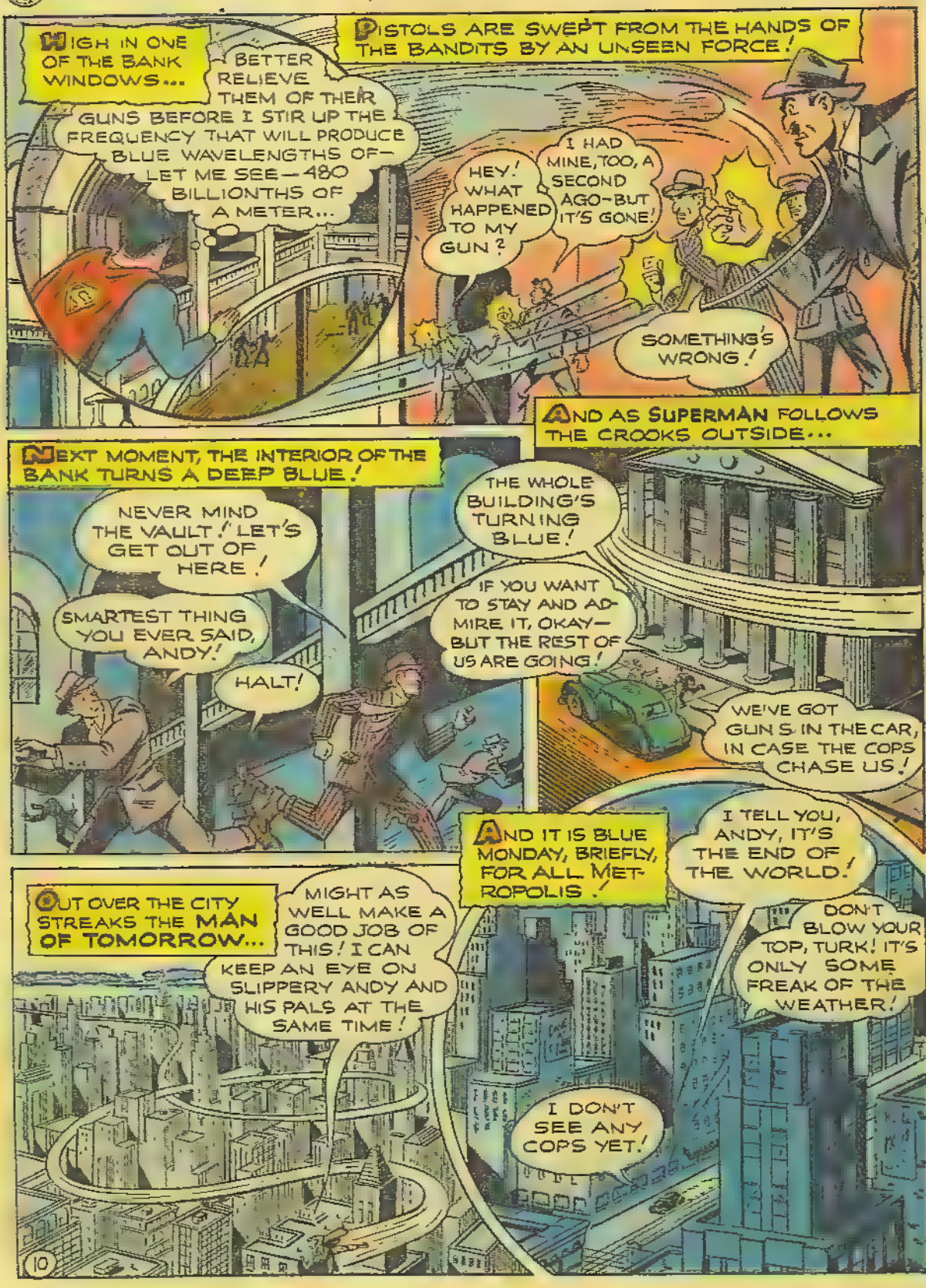
I'LL MAKE IT A BLUE MONDAY FOR THEM!


SOME HOURS LATER...
PETE WAS HAVING A DAY-DREAM! NEVER LET SUPER-STITION—OR ANYTHING ELSE—INTERFERE WITH BUSINESS, TURK!
THINK WE OUGHT TO TRY IT, ANDY, AFTER THAT RED BUSINESS? AND WHAT ABOUT PETE THE DOORMAN SEEING SUPERMAN HERE?


HERE'S THE SET-UP... AT CLOSING TIME, ALL THE CUSTOMERS ARE OUT OF THE BANK, ONLY TWO GUARDS ARE LEFT, ONE AT EACH DOOR, AND THE VAULT IS STILL OPEN!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STICK UP THE GUARDS AND THE TELLERS AND LUG THE STUFF OUT OF THE VAULT, EH?


HERE WE GO! TURK, YOU AND PUG TAKE THE SIDE DOOR! PIXIE AND I WILL HANDLE THE FRONT!
COUNT ON US, CHIEF!
TWO OR THREE MILLION! OH, BOY!
9

STICK 'EM UP, BEFORE I MAKE A DEPOSIT—IN LEAD!
SORRY! WE'RE CLOSED-- ULP!
YOU HOLD HIM, PIXIE, WHILE I HEAD FOR THE VAULT!


HIGH IN ONE OF THE BANK WINDOWS...
BETTER RELIEVE THEM OF THEIR GUNS BEFORE I STIR UP THE FREQUENCY THAT WILL PRODUCE BLUE WAVELENGTHS OF— LET ME SEE—480 BILLIONTHS OF A METER...
PISTOLS ARE SWEPT FROM THE HANDS OF THE BANDITS BY AN UNSEEN FORCE!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GUN?
I HAD MINE, TOO, A SECOND AGO—BUT IT'S GONE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
AND AS SUPERMAN FOLLOWS THE CROOKS OUTSIDE...
NEXT MOMENT, THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK TURNS A DEEP BLUE!
NEVER MIND THE VAULT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SMARTEST THING YOU EVER SAID, ANDY!
HALT!
THE WHOLE BUILDING'S TURNING BLUE!
IF YOU WANT TO STAY AND ADMIRE IT, OKAY— BUT THE REST OF US ARE GOING!
WE'VE GOT GUNS IN THE CAR, IN CASE THE COPS CHASE US!
AND IT IS BLUE MONDAY, BRIEFLY, FOR ALL METROPOLIS!
I TELL YOU, ANDY, IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP, TURK! IT'S ONLY SOME FREAK OF THE WEATHER!
OUT OVER THE CITY STREAKS THE MAN OF TOMORROW...
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE A GOOD JOB OF THIS! I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON SLIPPERY ANDY AND HIS PALS AT THE SAME TIME!
I DON'T SEE ANY COPS YET!

GOLLY! GUNS!
THE KID'S SEEN US! HE'LL SQUEAL!
OH, NO, HE WON'T!
AND THE FOUNDER OF THE HILLCREST CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN DEMONSTRATES HIS FEELING FOR CHILDREN!
THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET!
OH-H-H!
QUICK! INTO THE PLAYROOM! IF THE COPS COME, WE'LL BE PLAYING WITH THE BRATS, INNOCENT-LIKE!
BUT SUPERMAN'S MIRACULOUS EYES HAVE SEEN THIS CROWNING ACT OF BRUTALITY FROM AFAR!
THE RATS! I WOULDN'T HAVE EXPECTED A ROTTEN TRICK LIKE THAT, EVEN FROM THEM! BUT BASCOMB WILL PAY THE FULL PENALTY— AND SO WILL HIS PALS!
IN THE PLAYROOM...
WELL, MORTIMER, HOW GOES IT?
OH, I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO A SILLY ARGUMENT ABOUT THIS IMAGINARY SUPERMAN!
SUPERMAN! I ONLY WISH HE WAS IMAGINARY!
SUDDENLY...
I'M NOT A MEMBER, BUT I HAVE BUSINESS HERE!
SUPERMAN!
I D-DON'T B-BELIEVE IT!... OR DO I?
CATCHING THE BROKEN BITS OF ROCK AND PLASTER BEFORE THEY HIT THE FLOOR, THE MAN OF STEEL MAKES LIGHTNING REPAIRS!
PARDON ME WHILE I FIX THIS! NO REASON YOU BOYS SHOULDN'T KEEP YOUR CLUB!
SEE, MORTIMER— THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF JUST AS WE WERE TELLING YOU!
I'M SHOOTING— BUT I KNOW IT'S NO USE!
11

AND NOW FOR A MORE PLEASANT CHORE!
WHAT A SOCK!
SOCK!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO RUN FOR IT!
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY MORE THAN THIS COMING, SLIPPERY ANDY, FOR HURTING THAT BOY!
I WISH I COULD HIT LIKE THAT!
WHO DOESN'T?
WAIT, SUPERMAN! I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR--
SOME OTHER TIME! I'VE GOT A RUSH JOB ON MY HANDS! YOU CAN CALL THE POLICE, INSTEAD!
WE'LL BE AT THE HOSPITAL IN A JIFFY, BRICKTOP!
GOLLY! IT'S ONLY A BUMP SUPERMAN! IT DOESN'T EVEN HURT--MUCH!
SOME DAYS LATER...
I EXPECTED THE CLUB TO END WHEN BASCOMB AND HIS GANG WENT TO JAIL!
IT WOULD HAVE, IF VAN GILDER, THE BANKER, HADN'T TAKEN OVER THE FINANCING IN GRATITUDE TO SUPERMAN FOR SAVING HIS BANK FROM BEING ROBBED!
SUPERMAN BOYS' CLUB
SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT KEEPIN' YOUR GUARD UP?
I'D JOIN MYSELF IF I WERE A FEW YEARS YOUNGER!
I THINK I HAVE IT AT LAST, OLD CHAP! THANKS!
YOU'RE SO PROUD OF WHAT HAPPENED, ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK YOU'D HAD A HAND IN IT!
I GUESS IT'S JUST BECAUSE I LIKE KIDS!
The End

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

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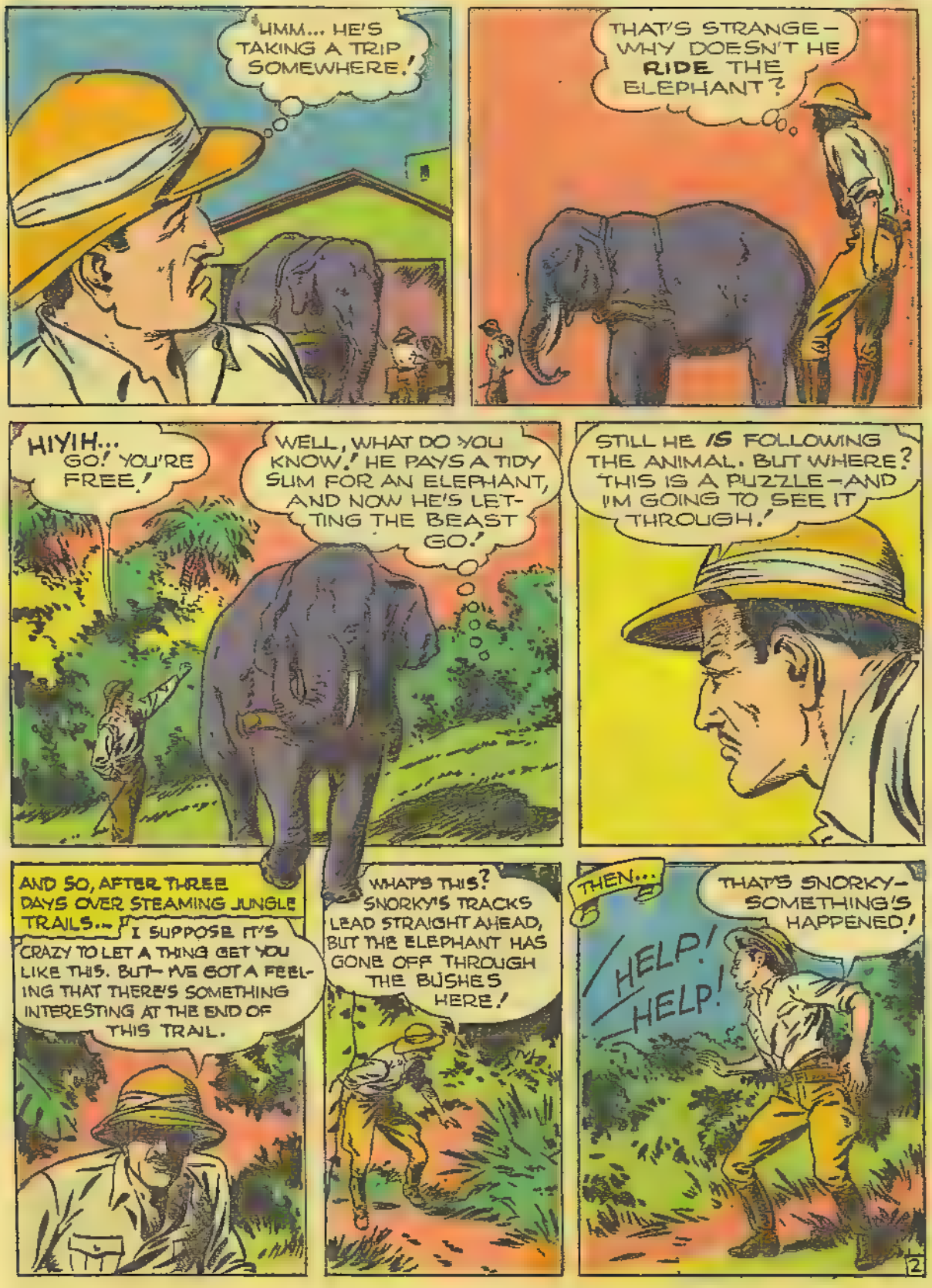
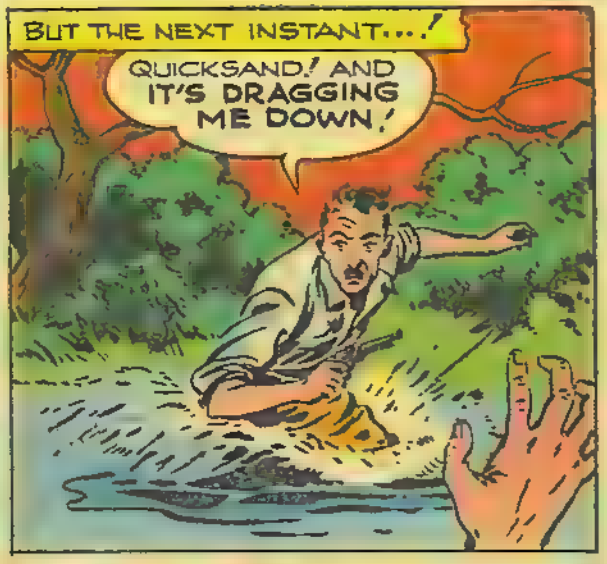
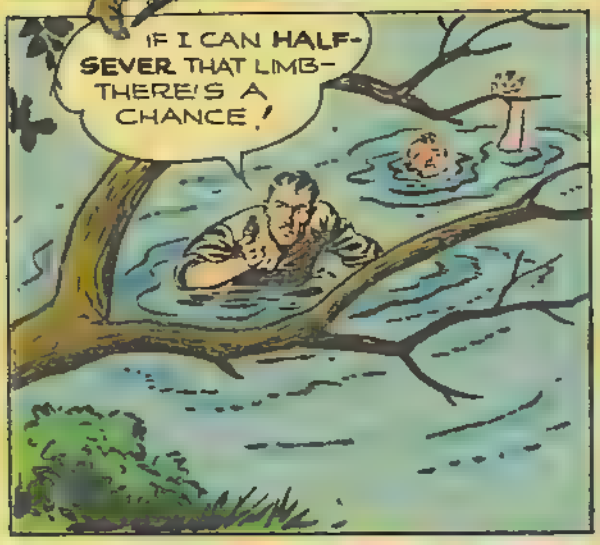
BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!
TRAINER
17
10
4
'28
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
HUDDLE WITH A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES -- EVERY MORNING!
TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.
BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES... IN WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS, IMPORTANT MINERALS.
BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH YOUR APPETITE.
BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."
WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

CONGO BILL
THERE'S NO REST FOR CONGO BILL... HE CAN'T EVEN WATCH AN ELEPHANT SALE WITHOUT LANDING DEEP INTO SOME HEAVY TROUBLE. THAT VIGILANT EYE OF HIS IS ALWAYS QUICK TO SPOT SOMETHING WRONG, AND THIS TIME, BILL'S SUSPICIONS LEAD HIM STRAIGHT INTO THE DEADLY MYSTERY OF...
"THE ELEPHANT'S HOMECOMING!"
CONGO BILL, RESTING BETWEEN JOBS, ATTENDS AN ELEPHANT SALE ...
GOING-GOING-GONE.' SOLD TO SNORKY WHITE'
HMM... SNORKY SURE PAID A STIFF PRICE FOR AN ELEPHANT THAT'S NEARLY PAST HIS WORKING DAYS!
COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY WOULD SNORKY WANT AN ELEPHANT, ANYWAY? ACCORDING TO HIS OWN ACCOUNT, HE'S JUST A HOMELESS WANDERER.
JUST TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT SNORKY DOES WITH HIS PURCHASE.

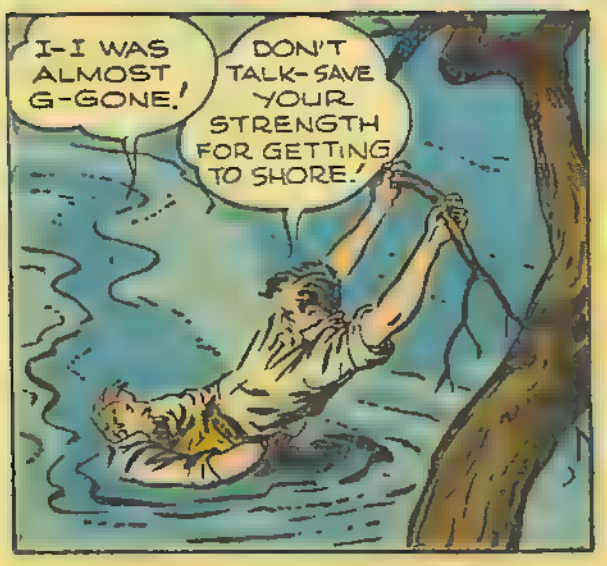

HMM... HE'S TAKING A TRIP SOMEWHERE!
THAT'S STRANGE— WHY DOESN'T HE RIDE THE ELEPHANT?
HIYIH... GO! YOU'RE FREE!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! HE PAYS A TIDY SUM FOR AN ELEPHANT, AND NOW HE'S LETTING THE BEAST GO!
STILL HE IS FOLLOWING THE ANIMAL. BUT WHERE? THIS IS A PUZZLE—AND I'M GOING TO SEE IT THROUGH!
AND SO, AFTER THREE DAYS OVER STEAMING JUNGLE TRAILS...
I SUPPOSE IT'S CRAZY TO LET A THING GET YOU LIKE THIS. BUT— I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING AT THE END OF THIS TRAIL.
WHAT'S THIS? SNORKY'S TRACKS LEAD STRAIGHT AHEAD, BUT THE ELEPHANT HAS GONE OFF THROUGH THE BUSHES HERE!
THEN...
THAT'S SNORKY— SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
HELP! HELP!

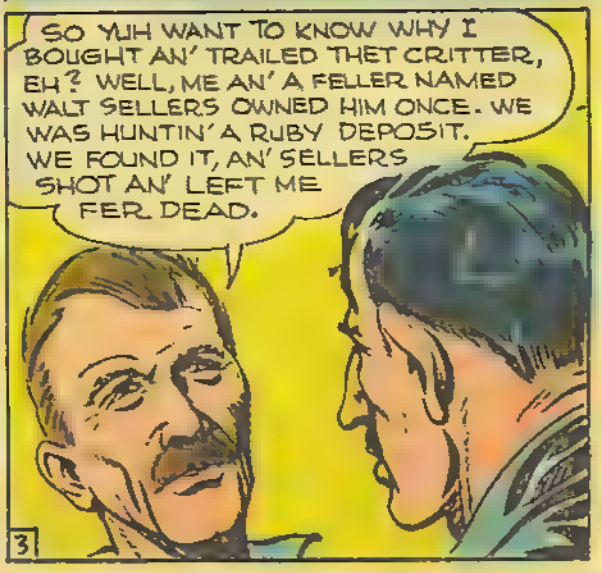
HELP!
COMING, SNORKY!
SOMETHING'S GOT HIM.

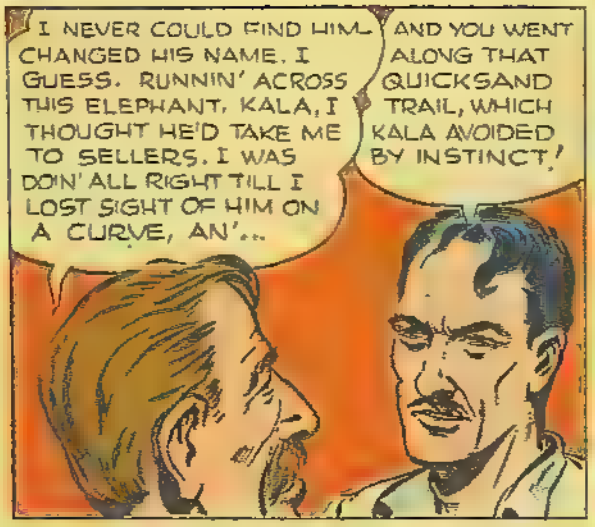

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT....!
QUICKSAND! AND IT'S DRAGGING ME DOWN!


IF I CAN HALF-SEVER THAT LIMB— THERE'S A CHANCE!

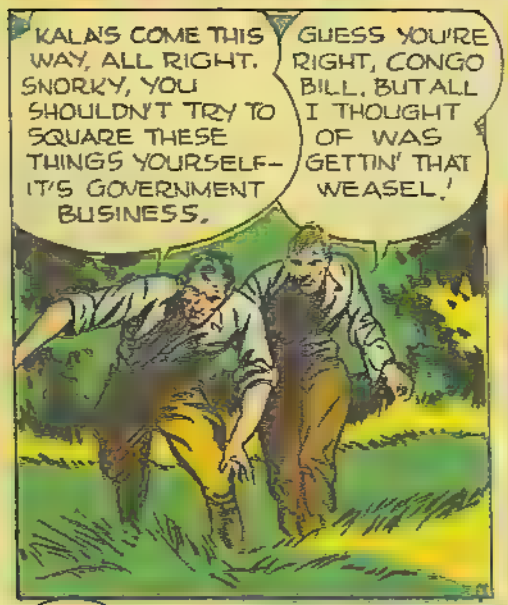
THAT DOES IT! NOW, IF SNORKY ISN'T BEYOND HELP...

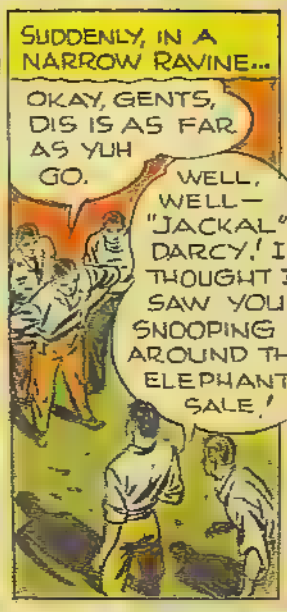

I-I WAS ALMOST G-GONE!
DON'T TALK—SAVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR GETTING TO SHORE!

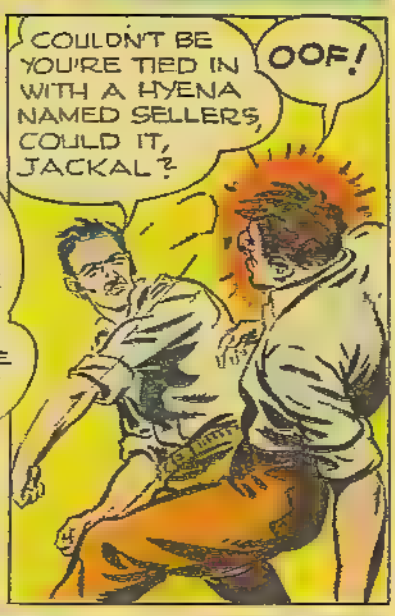

SO YUH WANT TO KNOW WHY I BOUGHT AN' TRAILED THET CRITTER, EH? WELL, ME AN' A FELLER NAMED WALT SELLERS OWNED HIM ONCE. WE WAS HUNTIN' A RUBY DEPOSIT. WE FOUND IT, AN' SELLERS SHOT AN' LEFT ME FER DEAD.
3

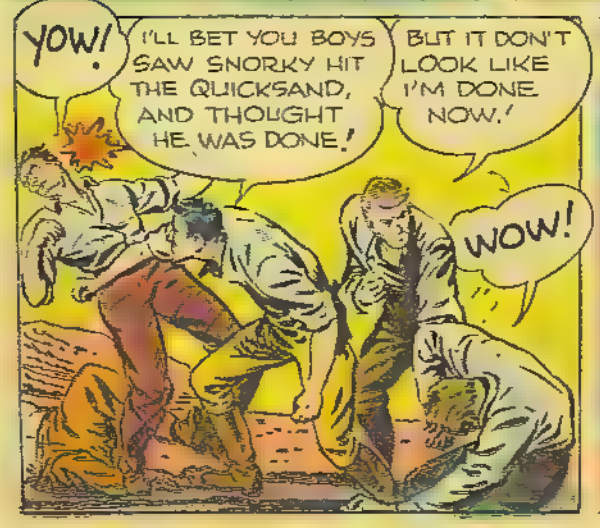

I NEVER COULD FIND HIM— CHANGED HIS NAME, I GUESS. RUNNIN' ACROSS THIS ELEPHANT, KALA, I THOUGHT HE'D TAKE ME TO SELLERS. I WAS DOIN' ALL RIGHT TILL I LOST SIGHT OF HIM ON A CURVE, AN'...
AND YOU WENT ALONG THAT QUICKSAND TRAIL, WHICH KALA AVOIDED BY INSTINCT!

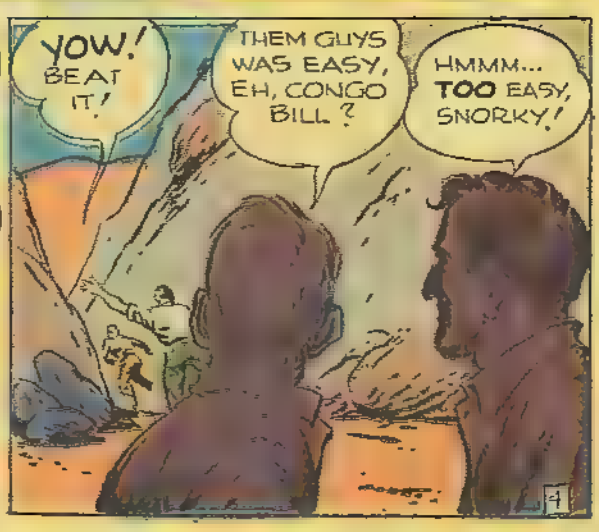
I'M IN THIS THING NOW. WE'LL START WHERE KALA BRANCHED OFF.


KALA'S COME THIS WAY, ALL RIGHT. SNORKY, YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO SQUARE THESE THINGS YOURSELF— IT'S GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, CONGO BILL. BUT ALL I THOUGHT OF WAS GETTIN' THAT WEASEL!

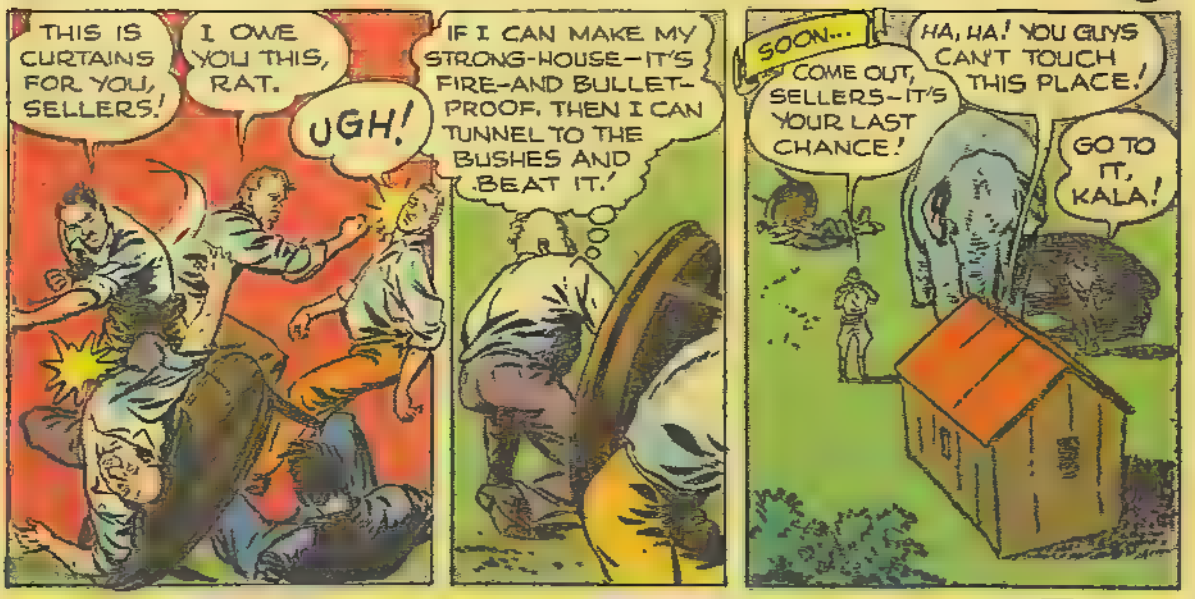

SUDDENLY, IN A NARROW RAVINE...
OKAY, GENTS, DIS IS AS FAR AS YUH GO.
WELL, WELL— "JACKAL" DARCY! I THOUGHT I SAW YOU SNOOPING AROUND THE ELEPHANT SALE!


COULDN'T BE YOU'RE TIED IN WITH A HYENA NAMED SELLERS, COULD IT, JACKAL?
OOF!


YOW!
I'LL BET YOU BOYS SAW SNORKY HIT THE QUICKSAND, AND THOUGHT HE WAS DONE!
BUT IT DON'T LOOK LIKE I'M DONE NOW!
WOW!


YOW! BEAT IT!
THEM GUYS WAS EASY, EH, CONGO BILL?
HMMM... TOO EASY, SNORKY!
4

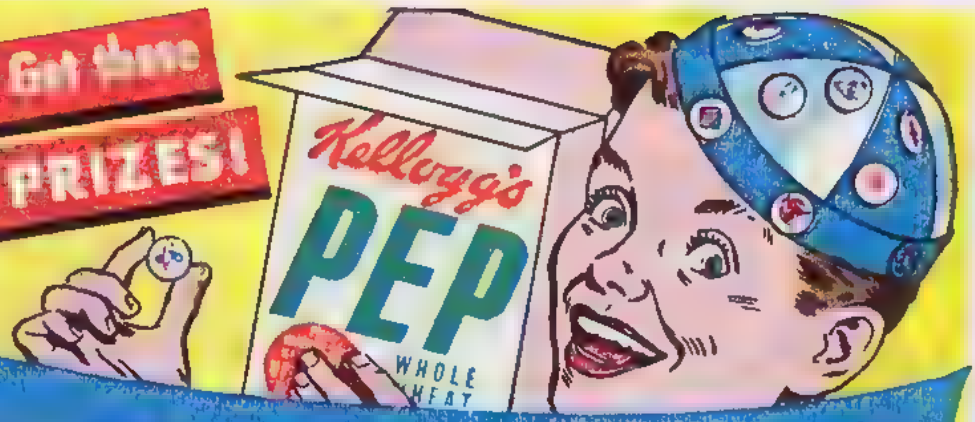
SUDDENLY...
THAT ROCK! THEY'VE BLOCKED ONE END OF THE RAVINE!
BUT WHY? WE CAN GO BACK AND AROUND.
CRASH
AND THEN...
OKAY, BUSY-BODIES, WE'LL COME BACK AN' GET YUH LATER—WITH A BLOTTER! HA, HA!
L-LOOK! THEY'VE STAMPEDED THE WORK ELEPHANTS ONTO US!
THAT GUN WON'T EVEN STING THEM, CONGO BILL!
THINK I DON'T KNOW IT?—BUT IF I CAN SCARE THE FIRST ONE INTO REARING UP...
DIVE FOR HIS HARNESS AND CLING UNDERNEATH HIM!
BANG!
GOTCHA!—THAT'LL SAVE US FROM BEIN' TRAMPLED!
WHERE A SLIP MEANS SUDDEN DEATH...
THEY'LL SUBSIDE, NOW THAT THE BLOCKED PASSAGE HAS STOPPED THEM!
WHEW! WHAT A CLOSE CALL!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT...
YER LIVE STOCK SURE FLATTENED 'EM, SELLERS! HA, HA!
CUT THE "SELLERS" STUFF—FROM NOW ON, I'M PLANTER HARRIS. GOOD THING YOU WAS AT THE ELEPHANT SALE, JACKAL.. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SOLD THAT KALA CRITTER...
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, SELLERS! AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS!
CONGO BILL! JACKAL, YOU LYIN RAT!
15


THIS IS CURTAINS FOR YOU, SELLERS!
I OWE YOU THIS, RAT.
UGH!
IF I CAN MAKE MY STRONG-HOUSE—IT'S FIRE-AND BULLET-PROOF, THEN I CAN TUNNEL TO THE BUSHES AND BEAT IT.'
SOON...
COME OUT, SELLERS—IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE!
HA, HA! YOU GUYS CAN'T TOUCH THIS PLACE!
GO TO IT, KALA!

THE TREMENDOUS MAMMOTH HEAVES, AND...
MAYBE WE CAN'T TOUCH THE PLACE—BUT KALA CAN!
LEMME AT HIM!
MINUTES LATER...
WELL, THAT WINDS IT UP, SNORKY. YOU'LL GET BACK YOUR SHARE OF THE RUBIES, AND THE GOVERNMENT WILL HANDLE SELLERS!
THANKS, CONGO BILL!

COME ON! LET'S HURRY AND GET SOME OF THOSE BIG HINGEES ENVELOPES!
YOU BET! HINGEES BRING THE COMICS TO LIFE!
HINGEES BRING
10¢
BLONDIE
AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE
HINGEES BRING
10¢
POPEYE
AND HIS GANG TO LIFE
PLAY
LOOK—THEY STAND! THEY SIT! THEY WALK! THEY'RE ALIVE!
3 DIMENSIONAL ACTION COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR
THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
10¢

Hey, Gang! Get these GREAT PRIZES!



Swell MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

One in Every Package of PEP

FELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite, crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a full set of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real *metal*, shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia

It's a *cinch* to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package—and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater, jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is *for* you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock-full of whole-grain nourishment—with added amounts of vitamin B_1 and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow "who's got what it takes!" Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!

22 DIFFERENT AUTHENTIC DESIGNS! Get 'em all!

385th Bombardment Squadron (ACTUAL SIZE)

70th Bombardment Squadron

25th Bombardment Squadron

41st Bombardment Squadron

94th Pursuit Squadron

2nd Bombardment Squadron

96th Bombardment Squadron

VB-13

VO-3

431st Bombardment Squadron

17th Bombardment Squadron

34th Bombardment Squadron

56th Bombardment Squadron

99th Bombardment Squadron

27th Fighter Squadron

424th Bombardment Squadron

53rd Bombardment Squadron

Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator

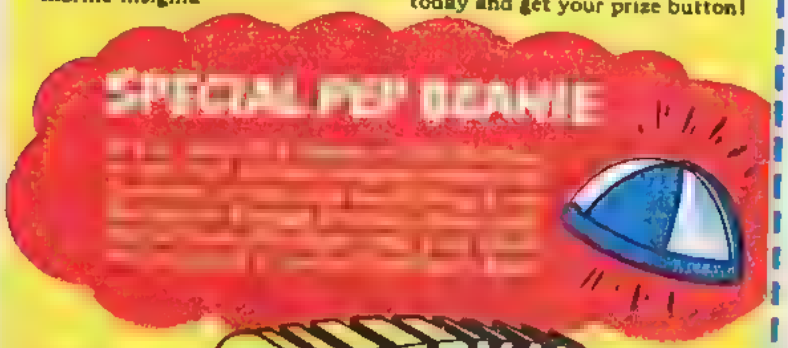
Boeing B-29 Superfortress

Republic P-47 Thunderbolt

Lockheed Lightning P-38

44th Fighter Squadron

"WATCH FOR NEW PEP BUTTONS"



LISTEN TO SUPERMAN on the air—for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.

HAYFOOT HENRY
HEED WELL THIS SIMPLE TALE FROM SLEEPYSIDE,
THE PEACEFUL RHYMING TOWN, NOR DARE DERIDE
THE TRAGEDY THAT SHORTAGES CREATE
WHEN EVIL STRIKES AT LOCAL REAL-ESTATE.
OF LOCAL FOLKS MADE HOMELESS THROUGH THEIR NOSES.
HOW HAYFOOT HENRY'S CLEVERNESS EXPOSES
THE CAUSE OF CRIME, OUR STORY CLEARLY SHOWS,
TILL JUSTICE ACTS E'EN WHILE ...
AN ILL WIND BLOWS!
MORNING SAM. WHY SO GLUM?
BECAUSE I'M LOSING MONEY. CHUM.
SALE
YOUR OWN HOME.
MONEY WELL SPENT
THAT HOUSING PROJECT OUT OF TOWN,
I COULD HAVE BOUGHT IT FOR A SONG.
BUT LIKE A FOOL I TURNED IT DOWN.
I'M LOSING MONEY FOR GUESSING WRONG.
REA
FOR

FOR 'CURLICUE' I NEED A RHYME HELPING ME FIND IT WOULD PASS THE TIME.
ABOUT CRAZY RHYMES I SHOULD BE THINKING WHILE ALL THE TIME MY WALLET IS SHRINKING?
I NEED AN APARTMENT-- A ROOM AND BATH. PRICE IS NO OBJECT-- MY NAME IS McGRATH!
REAL ESTATE FOR SALE OR RENT
LISTEN, OPTIMIST--THIS'LL GIVE YOU A WRENCH! THERE ARE NO APARTMENTS! BETTER TRY A PARK BENCH!
BUT I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN. WHERE CAN I DWELL?
IF YOU'RE NOT TOO CHOOSY, I'LL LEND YOU A CELL.
THE COMPANY'S LOW BUT IT'S NICE AND DRY.
I GOTTA LIVE, SO I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
CELL SIXTY-FOUR-- I HOPE IT'LL DO. AND NOW--HOW ABOUT A FAVOR FROM YOU? COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT RHYMES WITH CURLICUE?
THOUGH MY MIND IS USUALLY SHARP AS A GIMLET, WHEN IT COMES TO RHYME, I'M JUST A DIMWIT!
SO LONG SAM. I'VE GOT TO BE HURRYING. I NEED LOTS OF TIME TO DO MY WORRYING.
PHOOEY ON RHYME. MY FEELINGS ARE HURT. SUCH A TRIVIAL WORRY WHILE I'M LOSING MY SHIRT!
2.

EARLY MORNING FINDS HENRY AT HOME STILL SEEKING HIS RHYME AND SCRATCHING HIS DOME...
MY LEXICON, I FEAR, WILL NEVER BE FINISHED. MY BRAIN'S NOT CLICKING. IT MUST HAVE DIMINISHED!
SCRATCH SCRATCH!
COME IN. WHAT'S UP? WHAT NEW DEPREDATION?
YOUR HELP'S REQUIRED IN THE BIG EVACUATION!
THE CITY INCINERATOR BLEW UP LAST NIGHT AND THE EAST-END FOLKS ARE ALL TAKING FLIGHT. THE UNBURNED GARBAGE AND AN EASTERLY WIND, ASSAILS THE NOSTRILS UNLESS THEY'RE PINNED!
?!
IN THE NEW HOUSING PROJECT, THEY'RE GOING TO PIECES. FOLKS ARE LEAVING TOWN AND BREAKING THEIR LEASES.
BEHIND THAT EXPLOSION, I SMELL A PLOT. H.M--DID SOMEBODY STAND TO GAIN OR NOT?
MY TENANTS ARE QUITTING WITHOUT PAYING THEIR RENT. I MUST SELL TO THE REAL ESTATE MAN OR BE BADLY BENT!
NOW I SEE IT--SAM'S BEHIND THE BLAST! HE REGRETTED NOT BUYING THIS PLACE IN THE PAST.
3.

I'LL FIX SAM FOR HIS CROOKED BEHAVIOR! A CORKSCREW REALLY COULDN'T BE WAVIER!
ANOTHER'S MISFORTUNE IS MY BIG CHANCE. HENRY, I'M SO HAPPY, I GOTTA DANCE!
I'LL SAY YOU'LL DANCE-- RIGHT OFF TO JAIL! YOUR INCINERATOR PLOT IS ABOUT TO FAIL!
CLICK!
I DIDN'T DO IT, I'M STRAIGHT AS A DIE! I KNOW I STAND TO GAIN, BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE I LIE!
YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL, SO TELL IT TO THE JUDGE! THIS IS MY DUTY, DON'T BEAR ME A GRUDGE!
CELL 64-- THE ONE I GAVE McGRATH!
YEAH--HE LEFT BECAUSE HE HAD NO PRIVATE BATH!
I TRIED TO PLAY A JOKE ON HIM WITH A BURNING RUBBER BAND. WHY HE DIDN'T SMELL IT, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? HE DIDN'T SMELL IT? WHEN YOU TOSSED IT IN HIS CELL, DID HE TRY TO EXPEL IT?
HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE, ALTHOUGH IT WAS FOUL! I THOUGHT IT BAD ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE HOWL!
SAM--YOU'RE FREE! THE REAL AUTHOR OF THE BLAST HAS LUCKILY FOR YOU, REVEALED HIMSELF AT LAST!

IT ALL FITS TOGETHER-- A WEAK SENSE OF SMELL AND NEEDING AN APARTMENT. WELL--HE'LL GET A CELL!
THOUGH YOUR CONCLUSION'S A LITTLE BELATED, AT BEING FREE, I'M QUITE ELATED!
TELL ME, MR. SHELLEY, HAVE YOU RECENTLY ACCEPTED ANY NEW TENANTS SINCE THE GARBAGE HAS COLLECTED?
WHY, YES--HE WAS HERE JUST A MOMENT AGO. CHAP NAMED McGRATH. GONE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
THERE HE IS--RUNNING DOWN THE PATH! THE INCINERATOR VANDAL! STOP, McGRATH!
HOW YOU GOT WISE HAS MADE ME CURIOUS. BUT STOPPING TO INQUIRE WOULD BE TO INJURIOUS!
AH--CRIME TAKES A FALL!
OOPS--I FEAR THIS ENDS ALL!
FLOP!
ONCE I REALIZED THAT YOUR SENSE OF SMELL WAS POOR, I REALIZED THAT YOU MUST BE THE EVIL-DOER!
WHY DID I SLIP ON THE GRASS IN FRONT OF YOU? GUESS I'M JUST A VICTIM OF THE EARLY-DEW!
EUREKA! THAT'S IT--! THE WORD "CURLICUE" RHYMES BEAUTIFULLY WITH "EARLY DEW." THE SEARCH FOR A RHYME PLUS YOUR WEAK SENSE OF SMELL, WHEN BROUGHT TOGETHER, END ALL THINGS WELL.
THE END.

Meet a

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SCHUTTER
CANDY CO
ST LOUIS, MO

To get the full beauty of a sunset, you must see it...no painting can do it justice. And to enjoy the luscious goodness of BIT-O-HONEY you have to taste this temptingly different candy bar...no words can describe its delicious flavor. Try BIT-O-HONEY and you'll know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted". BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces . . . so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

Eat a

5¢

A "Honey" of a candy bar

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.

LOU GEHRIG'S name adds up to THREE—Does YOURS?

Example:

L O U G E H R I G
3+6+3+7+5+8+9+9+7=57*
*5+7=12 1+2=3

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"
I-R are "9"	

YOURS FREE

Want the key to *your* number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

3 "Three" individuals possess an engaging, free and easy manner and a fine sense of humor which win them many friends. Ambitious, independent, they have both creative ability and initiative. Conscientious, capable, they often rise to high authority.

OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31 1948

"BIT-O-HONEY" NC3
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name _____
(please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* ____ *State* _____

If you are under 18, check here _____

Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

ADVERTISEMENT

VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO UNLEASHES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO HELP JIMMY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CAPTURE A DASTARDLY **SPY RING**..

JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..

HO! WHERE IS MESSENGER GOING, PLEASE?

CAN'T STOP NOW!

SO? CANNOT STOP? WELL, WE WILL ARRANGE SLIGHT DELAY FOR HONORABLE PEDAL-PUSHER!

AND SOON, NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!

OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST, LET US CUT ROPE-SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!

SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...

NOT SO FAST! WITH MY RIGHT HAND I **ATTRACT!**

VOLTO

AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND **REPELS!**

WHEW! SCRATCH TWO JAPS!!

VOLTO

COPR 1943 GENERAL FOODS CORP

WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT...

FINE WORK, VOLTO! AND YOU, TOO, JIMMY! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL. BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL INSTEAD, SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETIC POWERS.

THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!

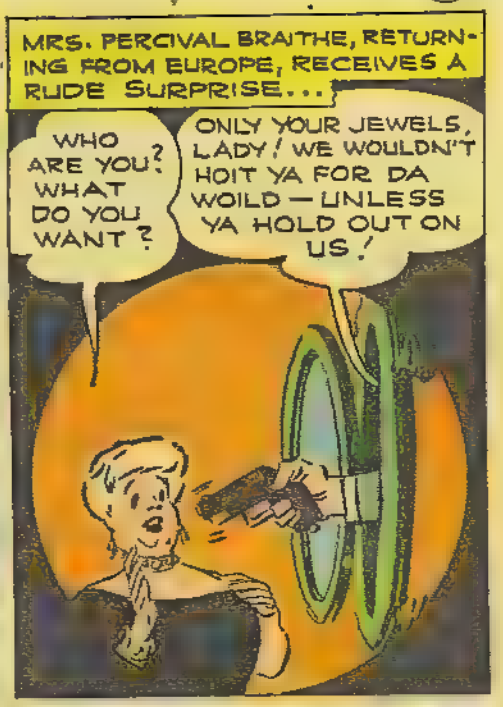
NOT JUST ON EARTH, VOLTO- **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** IS THE SWELLEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!

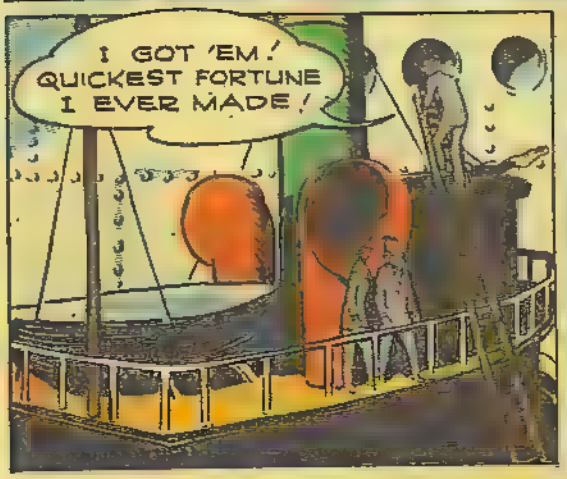
VIGILANTE
A BATTERED TUGBOAT STEAMS UP AND DOWN THE HARBOR—AND WHEREVER SHE GOES, MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES ARE REPORTED! WHICH IS NOT SURPRISING WHEN WE LEARN THAT HER SKIPPER IS "SHAKES", THE UNDERWORLD POET!... AND SHAKES MAKES MANY A RHYME WITH CRIME, UNTIL THE VALIANT VIGILANTE GETS WIND OF THESE QUESTIONABLE GOINGS-ON, AND BRINGS WITS AND WEAPONS OF THE WEST TO THE DANGEROUS TASK OF TERMINATING...
"THE CRUISE OF THE ICHABOD Q!"
THE VIGILANTE'S ON OUR TRAIL! BUT THIS TIME HE WILL FAIL!
ICHABOD Q
MORT MORTON JR.

ALL IS SERENE AND TRANQUIL WITH STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, THIS PLEASANT AFTERNOON...
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z....
SINCE HE IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE PROXIMITY OF "SHAKES", THE UNDERWORLD POET, AND THREE HARD HENCHMEN WHOSE NAMES ARE STONEY, ROCKY AND FLINT!
YO, HO. FOR A LIFE ON THE BOUNDING BLUE WITH PLENTY O' SWAG FOR ME AND YOU!
YA SAID IT, SHAKES!
BUT WAIT! COMPLICATIONS ARE ABOUT TO DEVELOP!
HUH?... A BITE!
GOLLY, I MUST HAVE A WHOLE SCHOOL O' WHALES ON THE END O' THIS LINE!
GOT 'IM!
ZOUNDS!
CHABOD Q
2
STUFF, THE VIGILANTE'S FRIEND! LET'S BRING THAT FRIENDSHIP TO AN END!
WHY—! IT'S SHAKES!
I GET IT, BOSS!
SO YA WANTA GET BOUNCED AROUND? FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!
LISTEN AT DA LITTLE RUNT! I BET HE REALLY T'INKS HE CAN FIGHT!

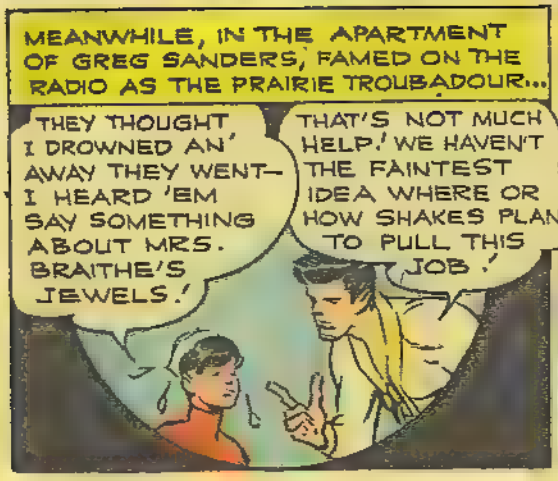
WHAT DO YOU THINK ?
UGH!
MAKE UP A POEM ABOUT THAT, CHUM !
ALAS.! ALACK.! MY TEETH ARE SLACK.!
WE HAD ENOUGH NONSENSE.!
DAT'S DA STUFF !
NOW WE CAN FISH 'IM OUT AN' TAKE 'IM ALONG AS HOSTAGE, IN CASE DA VIGILANTE BUTTS IN.!
ICHABOD Q
HE AIN'T COME UP! HE MUSTA DROWNED!
IT'S RATHER SAD, BUT JUST AS WELL.! NO TALES ABOUT US HE CAN TELL.!
OH, WELL, MRS. BRAITHE'S JEWELS ARE MORE IMPORTANT!
HALF A MILLION, THEY SAY THEY'RE WORTH! AN' IT'S ALMOST TIME.!
FULL STEAM AHEAD, WITHOUT DELAY. WE'RE AFTER DOUGH— AND THAT AIN'T HAY.!
TOOT! TOOT!
3

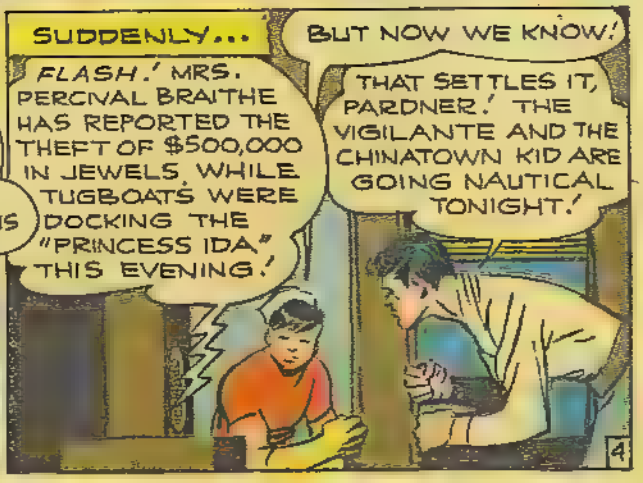
DUSK—AND THE "ICHABOD Q." JOINS A PACK OF TUGBOATS WARPING A LINER INTO HER BERTH...
THAT'S THE DAME'S CABIN, RIGHT AT THE HEAD O' THE LADDER.

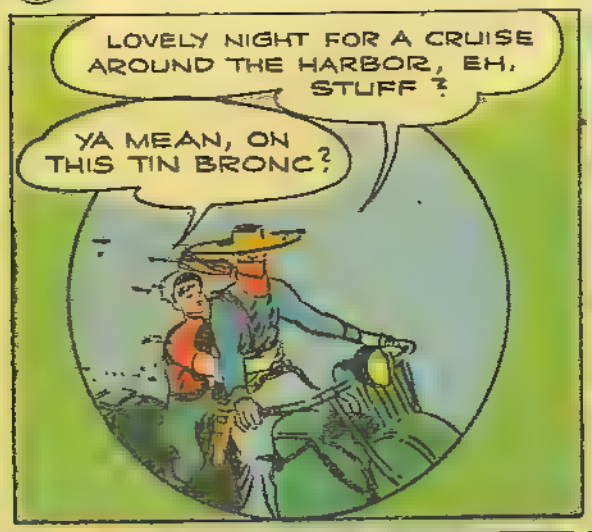

MRS. PERCIVAL BRAITHE, RETURNING FROM EUROPE, RECEIVES A RUDE SURPRISE...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ONLY YOUR JEWELS, LADY! WE WOULDN'T HOIT YA FOR DA WOILD—UNLESS YA HOLD OUT ON US!

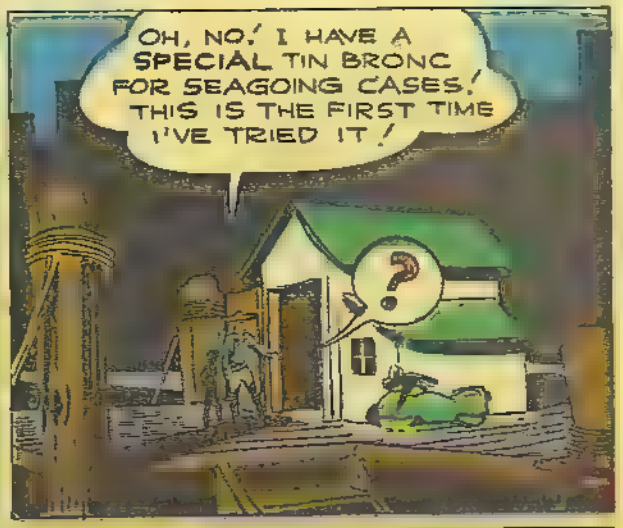

I GOT 'EM! QUICKEST FORTUNE I EVER MADE!

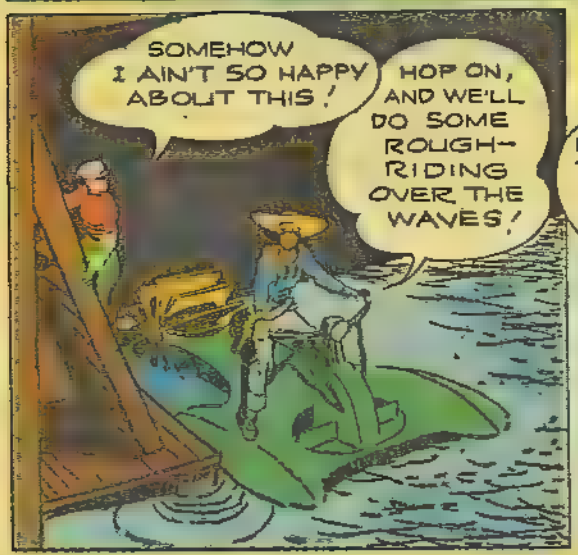
TAKE A LOOK, SHAKES! AIN'T THEY BEAUTIES!
THEY GLEAM, THEY SPARKLE, AND THEY GLOW! I THINK THEY'RE WONDERFUL! LET'S GO!

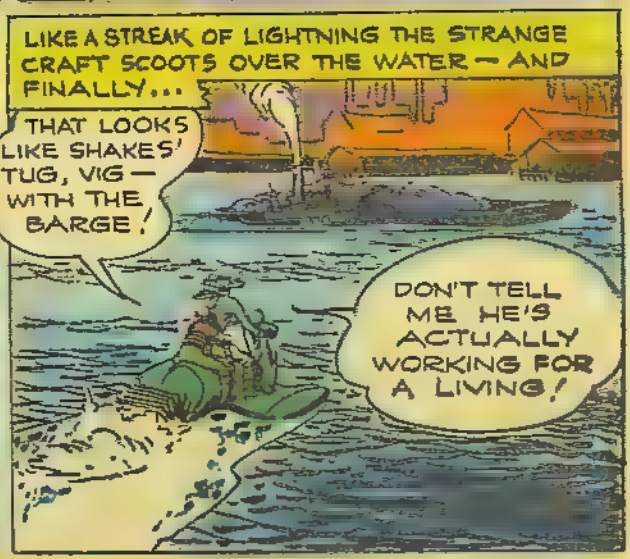

MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT OF GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...
THEY THOUGHT I DROWNED AN' AWAY THEY WENT—I HEARD 'EM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MRS. BRAITHE'S JEWELS!
THAT'S NOT MUCH HELP! WE HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHERE OR HOW SHAKES PLANS TO PULL THIS JOB!


SUDDENLY...
FLASH! MRS. PERCIVAL BRAITHE HAS REPORTED THE THEFT OF $500,000 IN JEWELS, WHILE TUGBOATS WERE DOCKING THE "PRINCESS IDA," THIS EVENING!
BUT NOW WE KNOW!
THAT SETTLES IT, PARDNER! THE VIGILANTE AND THE CHINATOWN KID ARE GOING NAUTICAL TONIGHT!

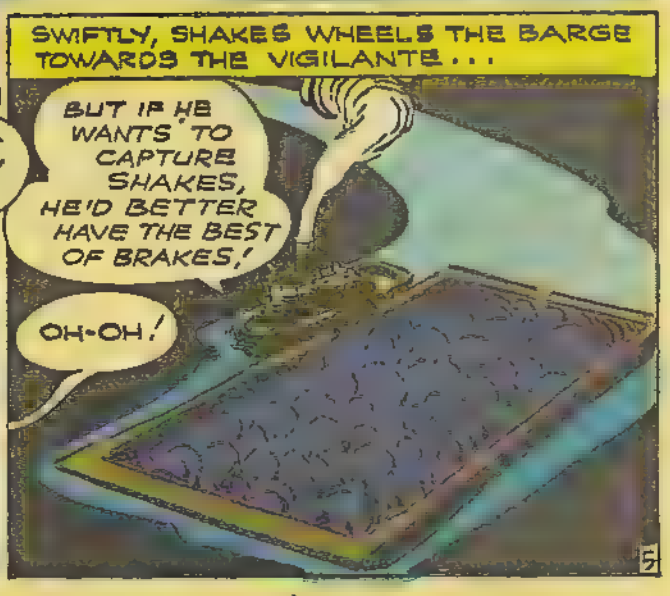

LOVELY NIGHT FOR A CRUISE AROUND THE HARBOR, EH, STUFF?
YA MEAN, ON THIS TIN BRONC?

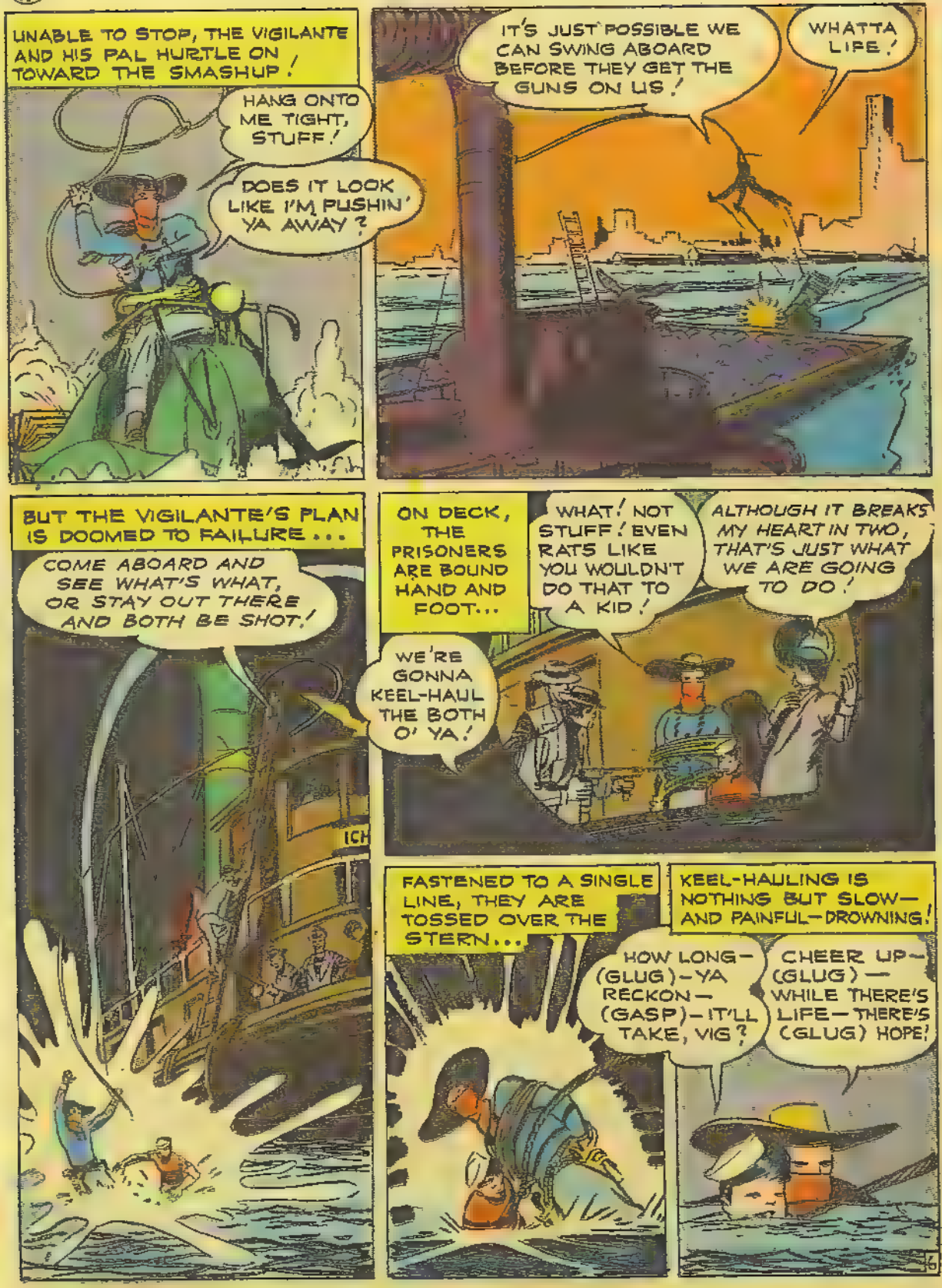

OH, NO! I HAVE A SPECIAL TIN BRONC FOR SEAGOING CASES! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE TRIED IT!
?

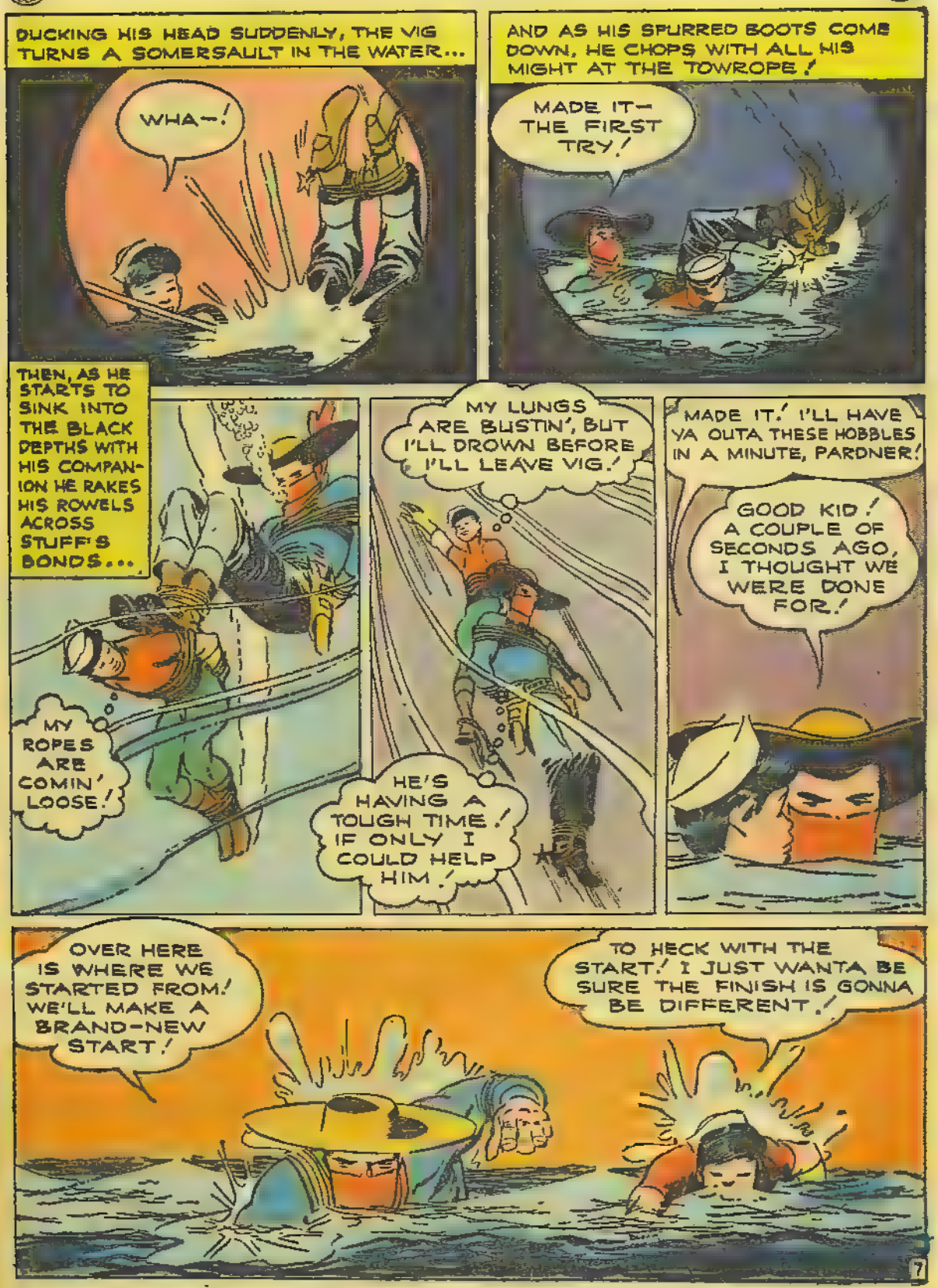

SOMEHOW I AIN'T SO HAPPY ABOUT THIS!
HOP ON, AND WE'LL DO SOME ROUGH-RIDING OVER THE WAVES!


LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING THE STRANGE CRAFT SCOOTS OVER THE WATER — AND FINALLY...
THAT LOOKS LIKE SHAKES' TUG, VIG — WITH THE BARGE!
DON'T TELL ME HE'S ACTUALLY WORKING FOR A LIVING!

AND ABOARD THE 'ICHABOD Q.'..
EITHER I'M SEEIN' THINGS, OR SOMEBODY'S RIDIN' A MOTOR-CYCLE OUT HERE IN THE DRINK!
A MOTORBIKE TELLS JUST ONE TALE — THE VIGILANTE'S ON OUR TRAIL!


SWIFTLY, SHAKES WHEELS THE BARGE TOWARDS THE VIGILANTE...
BUT IF HE WANTS TO CAPTURE SHAKES, HE'D BETTER HAVE THE BEST OF BRAKES!
OH-OH!


UNABLE TO STOP, THE VIGILANTE AND HIS PAL HURTLE ON TOWARD THE SMASHUP!
HANG ONTO ME TIGHT, STUFF!
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M PUSHIN' YA AWAY?
IT'S JUST POSSIBLE WE CAN SWING ABOARD BEFORE THEY GET THE GUNS ON US!
WHATTA LIFE!
BUT THE VIGILANTE'S PLAN IS DOOMED TO FAILURE...
COME ABOARD AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT, OR STAY OUT THERE AND BOTH BE SHOT!
ON DECK, THE PRISONERS ARE BOUND HAND AND FOOT...
WHAT! NOT STUFF! EVEN RATS LIKE YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT TO A KID!
ALTHOUGH IT BREAKS MY HEART IN TWO, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO!
WE'RE GONNA KEEL-HAUL THE BOTH O' YA!
FASTENED TO A SINGLE LINE, THEY ARE TOSSED OVER THE STERN...
KEEL-HAULING IS NOTHING BUT SLOW—AND PAINFUL—DROWNING!
HOW LONG—(GLUG)—YA RECKON—(GASP)—IT'LL TAKE, VIG?
CHEER UP—(GLUG)—WHILE THERE'S LIFE—THERE'S (GLUG) HOPE!


DUCKING HIS HEAD SUDDENLY, THE VIG TURNS A SOMERSAULT IN THE WATER...
WHA—!
AND AS HIS SPURRED BOOTS COME DOWN, HE CHOPS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE TOWROPE!
MADE IT—THE FIRST TRY!
THEN, AS HE STARTS TO SINK INTO THE BLACK DEPTHS WITH HIS COMPANION HE RAKES HIS ROWELS ACROSS STUFF'S BONDS...
MY ROPES ARE COMIN' LOOSE!
MY LUNGS ARE BUSTIN', BUT I'LL DROWN BEFORE I'LL LEAVE VIG.!
HE'S HAVING A TOUGH TIME! IF ONLY I COULD HELP HIM!
MADE IT! I'LL HAVE YA OUTA THESE HOBBLES IN A MINUTE, PARDNER!
GOOD KID! A COUPLE OF SECONDS AGO, I THOUGHT WE WERE DONE FOR!
OVER HERE IS WHERE WE STARTED FROM! WE'LL MAKE A BRAND-NEW START!
TO HECK WITH THE START! I JUST WANTA BE SURE THE FINISH IS GONNA BE DIFFERENT!

HERE'S OLD FAITHFUL WAITING FOR US!
LET'S TRY AN' KEEP OUR FEET DRY THIS TIME, HUH?
NO TELLING WHAT THAT DOGGEREL-SPOUTING COYOTE IS UP TO TONIGHT, BUT IF WE KEEP OUR EYES SKINNED, MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT!
PUSHIN' A BARGE FULL O' ROCKS AROUND DON'T SEEM SO DESPERATE!
HOWEVER, SHAKES' BARGE FULL OF ROCKS HAS AN IMPORTANT PART TO PLAY IN A HIGHLY NEFARIOUS UNDERTAKING!
SHE'S SINKIN' FAST! SHE'LL BLOCK THE CHANNEL COMPLETE!
A SMALL FREIGHTER FROM SOUTH AMERICA SLIPS DOWN INTO THE HARBOR, SPEEDED BY A TIDAL CURRENT...
SHE'LL RAM DA BARGE, AN' WE'LL GO ABOARD PRETENDIN' TA HELP 'EM! DEN WE'LL GRAB DA COMMERCIAL DIAMONDS!
ABRUPTLY...
WE'VE HIT SOMETHING! STOP THE ENGINES!
CRASH!
THERE'S A TUG! MAYBE SHE'LL GIVE US A HAND!
FEAR NOT, MY FRIENDS—THE "ICHABOD Q." WILL SAVE YOUR SHIP AND CARGO, TOO!

WE'LL COME ABOARD TO MAKE THE LINES FAST.' THEN WE'LL SEE ABOUT GETTIN' YA TA SHORE WIT'OUT SINKIN'.!
BUT AS THE HOODLUMS GAIN THE DECK OF THE LARGER VESSEL..
THIS IS PIRACY!
CALL IT ANYTHING YOU WISH— JUST PRODUCE THE COMMERCIAL DIAMONDS— OR JOIN THE FISH!
MEANWHILE...
THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER US— AND FROM WHAT I COULD SEE, IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THEY WRECKED AND BOARDED THAT FREIGHTER!
THAT MAKES IT FAIR FOR US TO BOARD AN' WRECK THEM.!
SURRENDER OR TAKE THE LICKING OF. YOUR LIVES.!
THE VIG!
I'LL CHOP HIM DOWN.!
THAT TOMMY— GUN MAY SHOOT FASTER THAN MINE— BUT IT SHOULD HAVE SHOT FIRST!
OW! MY HAND!

FISTS ARE MORE FUN THAN BULLETS, ANYWAY!
YOUR FUN'S OVER, VIG!
HUH?
BLOCK THAT KICK!
IT'S UP TO ME, I PLAINLY SEE,
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW?
CEASE! DESIST! I'LL NOT RESIST!
THE "ICHABOD Q." HEADS FOR THE HARBOR POLICE STATION...
HOW SAD THAT WHILE THE CRUEL WORLD JEERS, IN JAIL I MUST SHED BITTER TEARS!
CHEER UP, OL' PAL— DON'T STRIP YOUR GEARS— THEY'LL LET YA OUT IN TWENTY YEARS!
MORE OR LESS!

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Bernie Bierman

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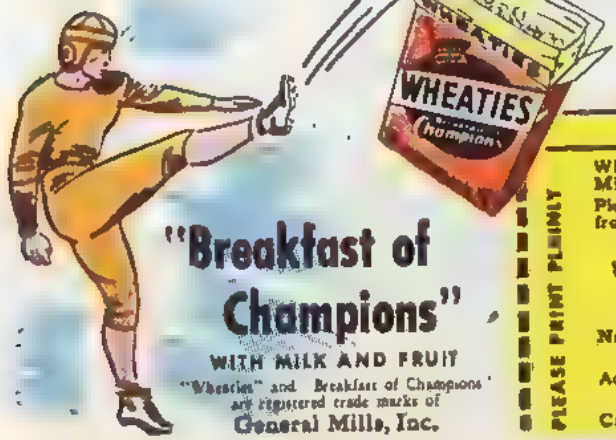

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RIVER CRUISE

by Ted Loury

YOU could tell from the fragrance of the air that summer wasn't far off. On the lawn, Job and I were passing a cricket ball back and forth. I didn't see my father when he came running out. My younger brother, Job, saw him first.

"Dad's taking the boat out," he cried. "Come on, we're going for a cruise."

We both rushed toward him, surprised that he hadn't asked us to go along as he usually did on these afternoons. It was mother's voice which halted us:

"Boys, don't bother your father. You can continue with your playing until tea time."

I remember now how we looked at him, hurt. I'm three years older than Job, eleven, so maybe that's why I spoke to my father. He turned and it was almost as though he had forgotten about us.

I asked why he wasn't taking us. "You know I can handle the boat, father," I said, "while you take a nap."

"This isn't just a fishing trip or a cruise, son," he said, putting on his helmet. "I've got a job to do." He looked toward the river which seemed to be alive with boats.

I stared at them for a moment, not understanding. Was this a meeting of the Home Guard? England was having many of them these days, and we in the countryside were trying to do our little bit also.

That instant of indecision on my part proved well for me. For, suddenly, my father ran back to the house. I could hear my name being mentioned, and my mother was shaking her head in the negative.

Then I heard the words. "But he really can help. He knows the boat." His voice seemed a little husky, and urgent. "Remember, it's his England, too."

I guess that decided the mysterious question. I was sure of it a moment later. My mother ran toward me, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me soundly. My cheeks were wet.

"Go with your father, Edmund," she said, "and be brave."

Be brave? About what? I didn't have time to ask, for my father grabbed my arm and pulled me along. "Come on, son," he said. "Get the motor started."

Around us now all types of craft streamed. When I finished looking at the motor, as I always did when father and I went fishing or on a cruise, to make sure the oil and petrol were right, I went back to the wheel.

"Where are we going, father?" I asked. "I know this is no ordinary trip."

"That's very observant of you, Edmund," he said laconically, "particularly since all these river craft seem headed in one direction."

It wasn't a rebuke. I knew he wanted to be left alone at the wheel, and not bothered by me. I sat down and looked at the river.

Our neighbors had their boats on it, too. Like father and myself, they wore steel helmets. But where were we going? Had England been invaded, as the Hun had boasted he'd do? Only yesterday, in school, we had been talking about it.

I looked at my father's face set stern. His teeth clenched the black briar he loved. And so we rode for an hour, the Olympus' prow knifing through the water with the sharpness of a butcher's carving instrument.

The warm sun played on my face. I felt a little drowsy. And before I realized it, I closed my eyes. The rythmic murmuring of the powerful motor aided in putting me to sleep.

"Son!"

My father's voice woke me up. I looked about, guiltily. "Sorry, father," I said, "I must have dozed off for a moment."

I rose, and then got a surprise I never expect to have equalled. I immediately fell down, for our boat was bobbing about madly in rough water.

It was strange water to me.

My father smiled at my bewildered expression. "You've been asleep for hours, Edmund," he said. "This is the Channel."

The English Channel! That would have aroused anyone. All at once, light played sharp on my father's face. I was shocked to see the tired lines in his eyes, the way his lips were drawn tight and close together.

But what were we doing here? This was a combat area. It was known that German minelayers, and patrol boats were around. This was a danger zone!

Almost as if he read my thoughts, my father said: "Our troops are on the other side of the Channel, Edmund. England

(Continued on inside back cover)

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

PITY THE POOR GAMBLER WHO TRIES TO TURN A DISHONEST PENNY WITH ZATARA AROUND! FOR WHEN THE MASTER MAGICIAN SEES A CROOK, TRYING TO FIX A SURE THING BY DEALING ACES OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK... THE ODDS ARE A MILLION TO ONE AGAINST CRIME, AND YOU CAN PUT YOUR MONEY ON ZATARA, EVEN WHEN HE'S A VICTIM OF A RAW DEAL, AND HAS TO RELY ON HIS WITS, NOT HIS MAGIC, TO TRUMP AN UNBEATABLE HAND IN —

"RACE AGAINST ROGUES!"

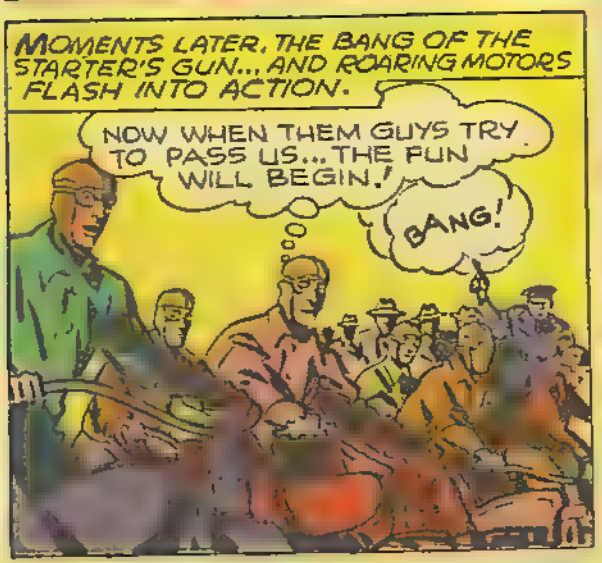
THE DAY OF THE GREAT MOTORCYCLE RACE AT BENTON PARK... AND FOUR CONTESTANTS HAVE FOUND A SURE-FIRE WAY TO WIN.

OKAY, BOYS, HERE'S THE SET-UP... WE KEEP IN FRONT UNTIL THE LAST LAP, SIDE BY SIDE, AND DON'T LET NOBODY PASS.

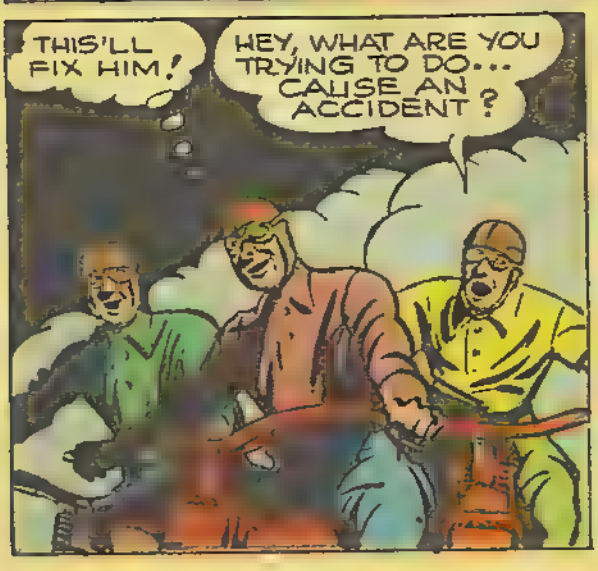
RIGHT, MORT.. THIS RACE WILL BE FRAMED NEAT.

ON THE LAST LAP, I GO OUT AND WIN.
AND THEN, WE'LL ALL SPLIT THE PRIZE MONEY
NOT TO SPEAK OF ALL THE CASH 'FOUR-ACES' WILL PICK UP FROM SAPS WHO BET ON THE RACE

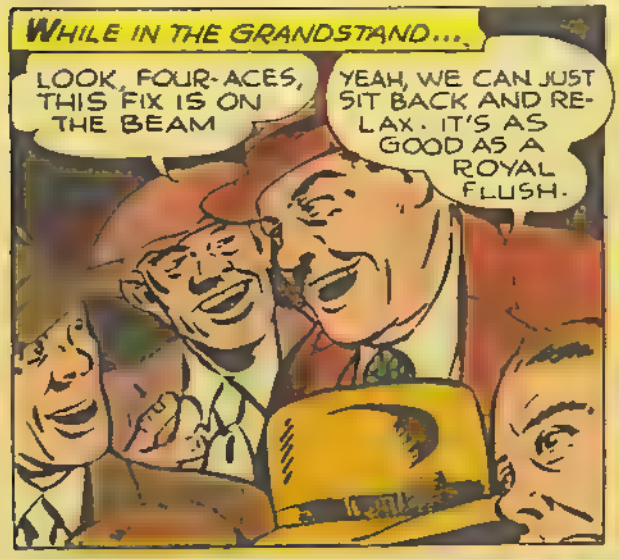
THAT'LL AMOUNT TO AS MUCH AS THE PRIZE DOUGH FOR US... AND A FORTUNE FOR FOUR-ACES.
YEAH, WE'LL ALL GET RICH. COME ON, THE RACE IS GONNA BEGIN.

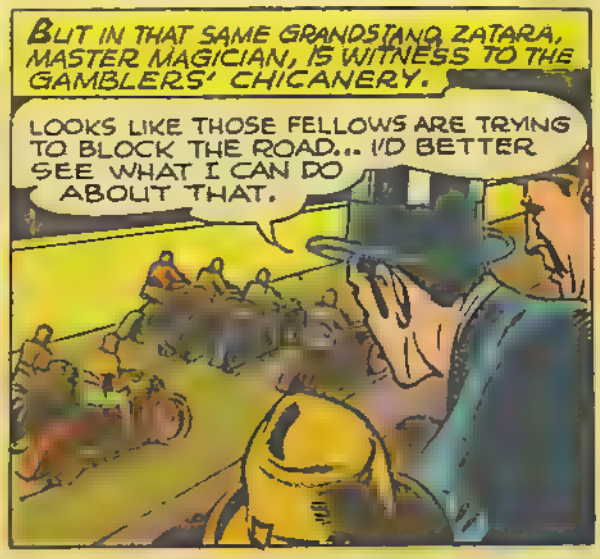

MOMENTS LATER, THE BANG OF THE STARTER'S GUN... AND ROARING MOTORS FLASH INTO ACTION.
NOW WHEN THEM GUYS TRY TO PASS US... THE FUN WILL BEGIN!
BANG!

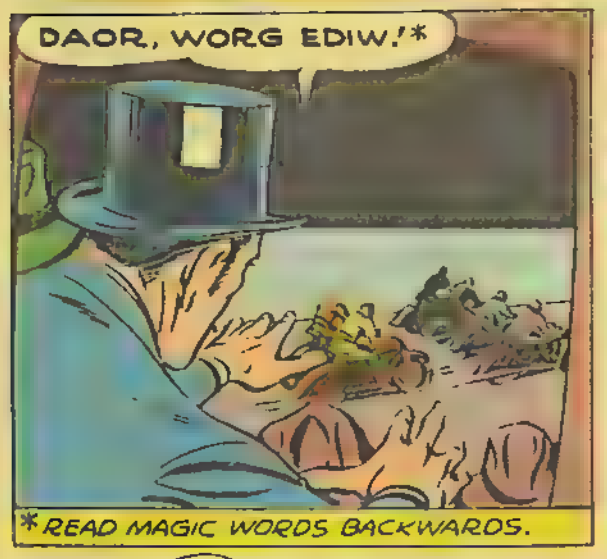
HERE HE COMES!

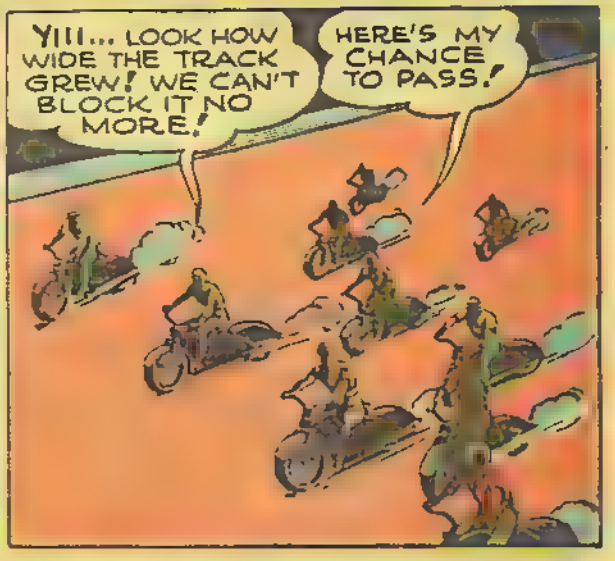

THIS'LL FIX HIM!
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO... CAUSE AN ACCIDENT?

HA, HA. YOU MUST BE A MIND-READER!
CRASH!


WHILE IN THE GRANDSTAND...
LOOK, FOUR-ACES, THIS FIX IS ON THE BEAM
YEAH, WE CAN JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX. IT'S AS GOOD AS A ROYAL FLUSH.

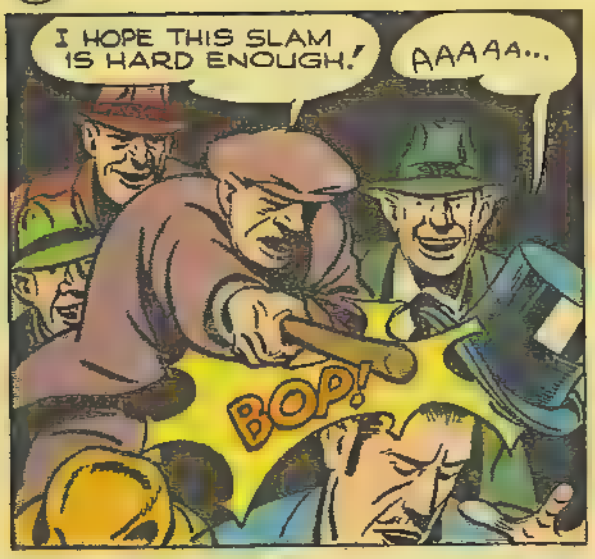

BUT IN THAT SAME GRANDSTAND ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, IS WITNESS TO THE GAMBLERS' CHICANERY.
LOOKS LIKE THOSE FELLOWS ARE TRYING TO BLOCK THE ROAD... I'D BETTER SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THAT.

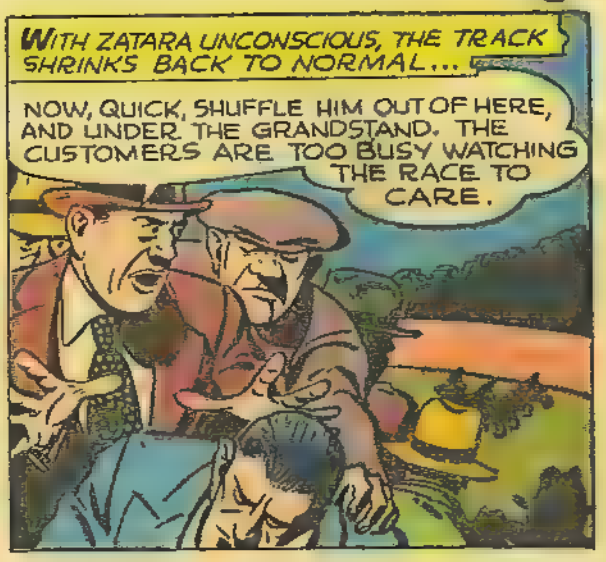

DAOR, WORG EDIW!*
*READ MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

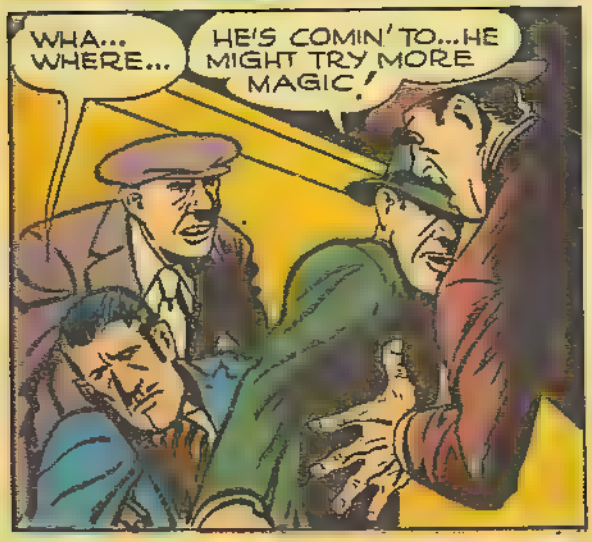

YIII... LOOK HOW WIDE THE TRACK GREW! WE CAN'T BLOCK IT NO MORE!
HERE'S MY CHANCE TO PASS!

BUT...
DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S MAGIC!
MAGIC? THEN I'LL BET ALL MY BLUE CHIPS WE'RE DEALING WITH— ZATARA!

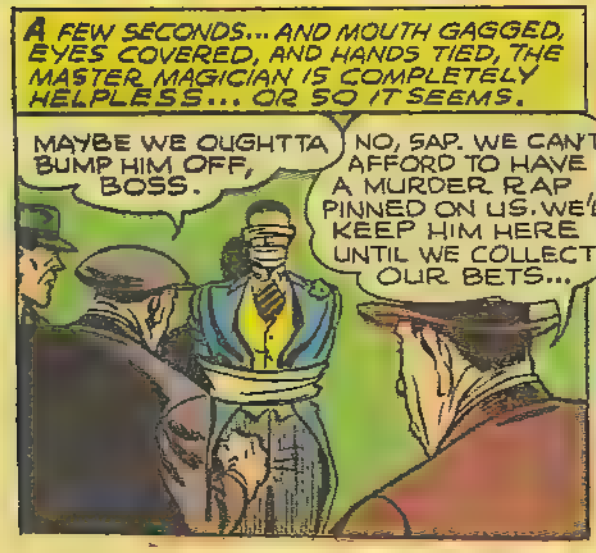
YEAH, AND DERE HE IS.
COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GIVE HIM A GRAND SLAM!
3

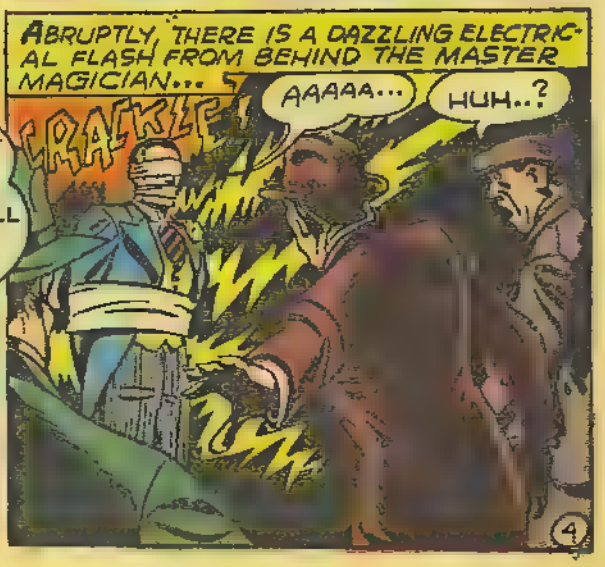

I HOPE THIS SLAM IS HARD ENOUGH!
AAAAA...
BOP!

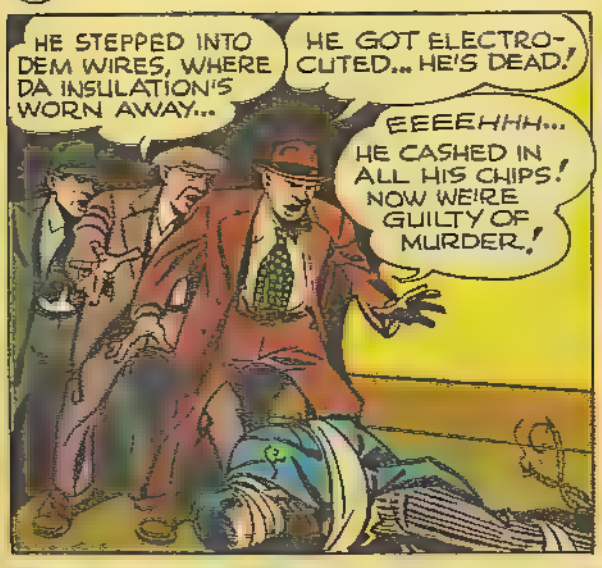

WITH ZATARA UNCONSCIOUS, THE TRACK SHRINKS BACK TO NORMAL...
NOW, QUICK, SHUFFLE HIM OUT OF HERE, AND UNDER THE GRANDSTAND. THE CUSTOMERS ARE TOO BUSY WATCHING THE RACE TO CARE.

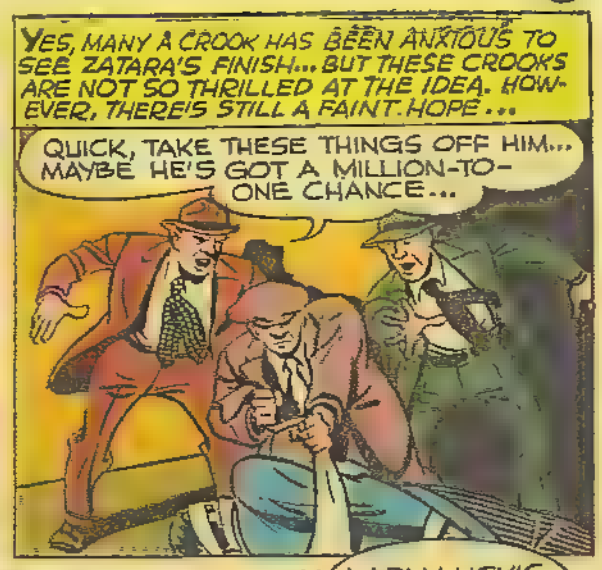

WHA... WHERE...
HE'S COMIN' TO...HE MIGHT TRY MORE MAGIC!

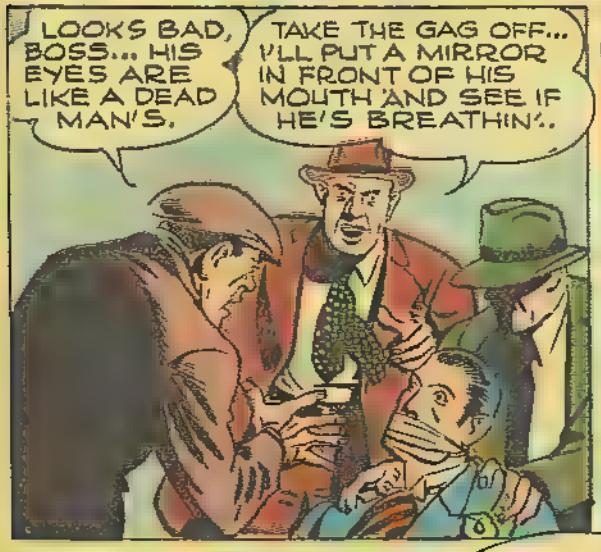
THAT'LL STOP HIM. HE CAN'T PULL ANY MORE ACES OUT OF HIS SLEEVE IF HE CAN'T TALK.
GLUB!


A FEW SECONDS... AND MOUTH GAGGED, EYES COVERED, AND HANDS TIED, THE MASTER MAGICIAN IS COMPLETELY HELPLESS... OR SO IT SEEMS.
MAYBE WE OUGHTTA BUMP HIM OFF, BOSS.
NO, SAP. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE A MURDER RAP PINNED ON US. WE'LL KEEP HIM HERE UNTIL WE COLLECT OUR BETS...


ABRUPTLY, THERE IS A DAZZLING ELECTRICAL FLASH FROM BEHIND THE MASTER MAGICIAN...
AAAAA...
HUH..?
CRACKLE

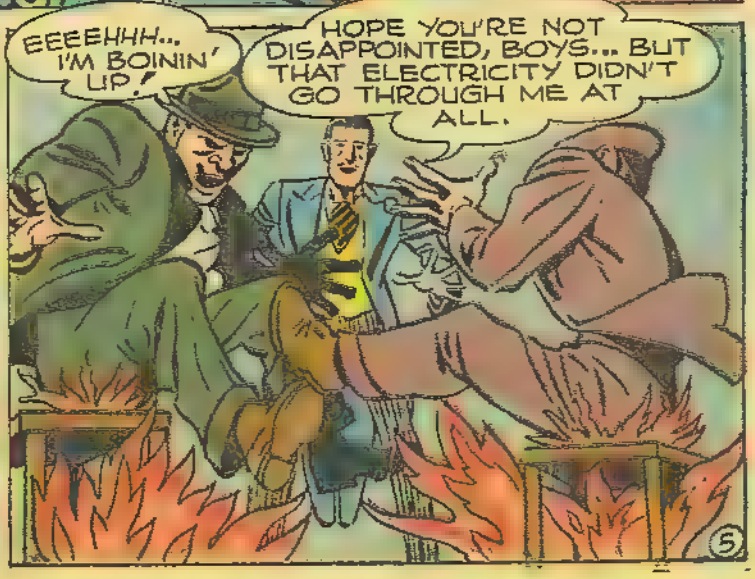

HE STEPPED INTO DEM WIRES, WHERE DA INSULATION'S WORN AWAY...
HE GOT ELECTRO-CUTED... HE'S DEAD!
EEEEHHH... HE CASHED IN ALL HIS CHIPS! NOW WE'RE GUILTY OF MURDER!

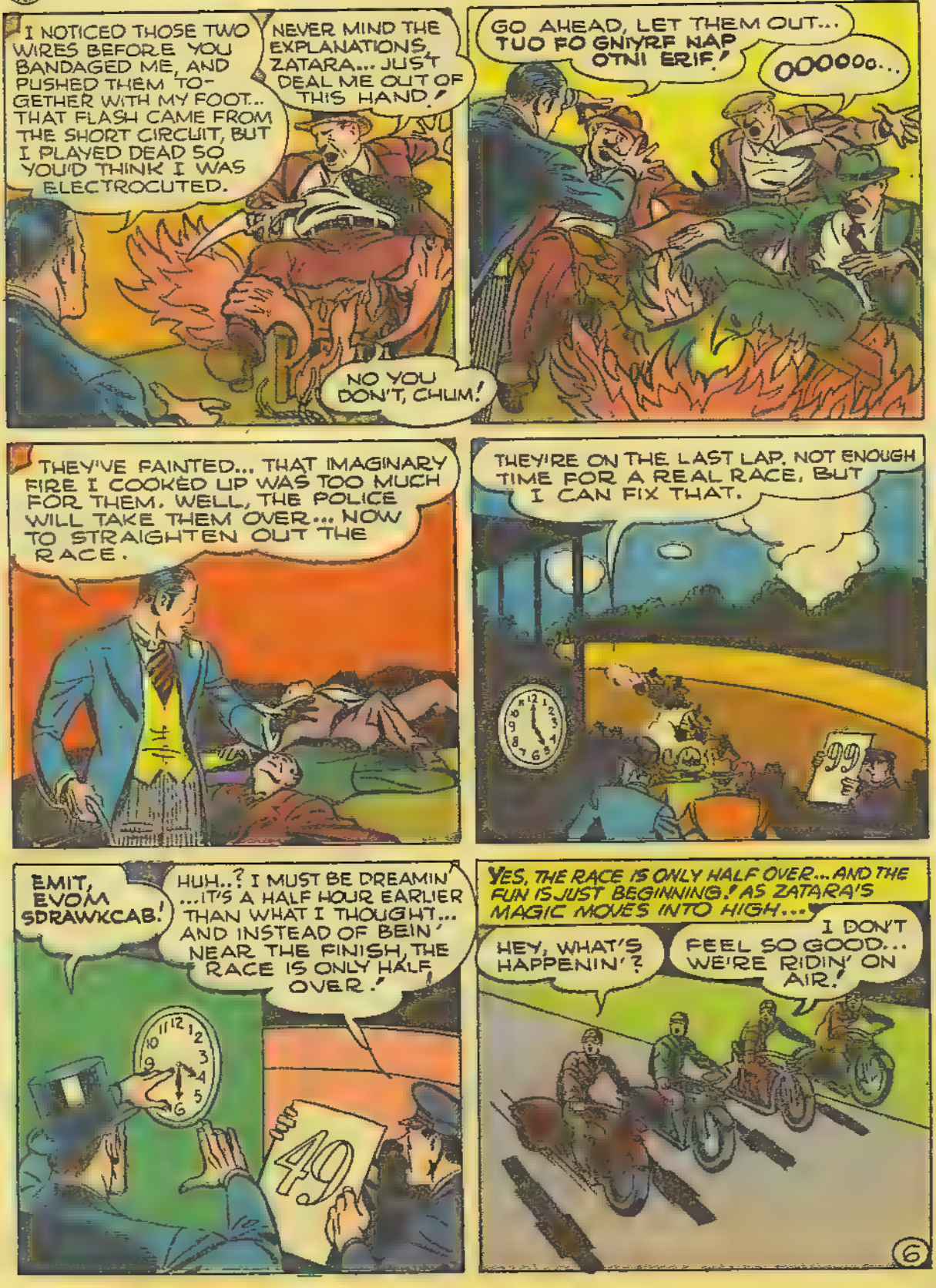

YES, MANY A CROOK HAS BEEN ANXIOUS TO SEE ZATARA'S FINISH... BUT THESE CROOKS ARE NOT SO THRILLED AT THE IDEA. HOWEVER, THERE'S STILL A FAINT HOPE...
QUICK, TAKE THESE THINGS OFF HIM... MAYBE HE'S GOT A MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE...

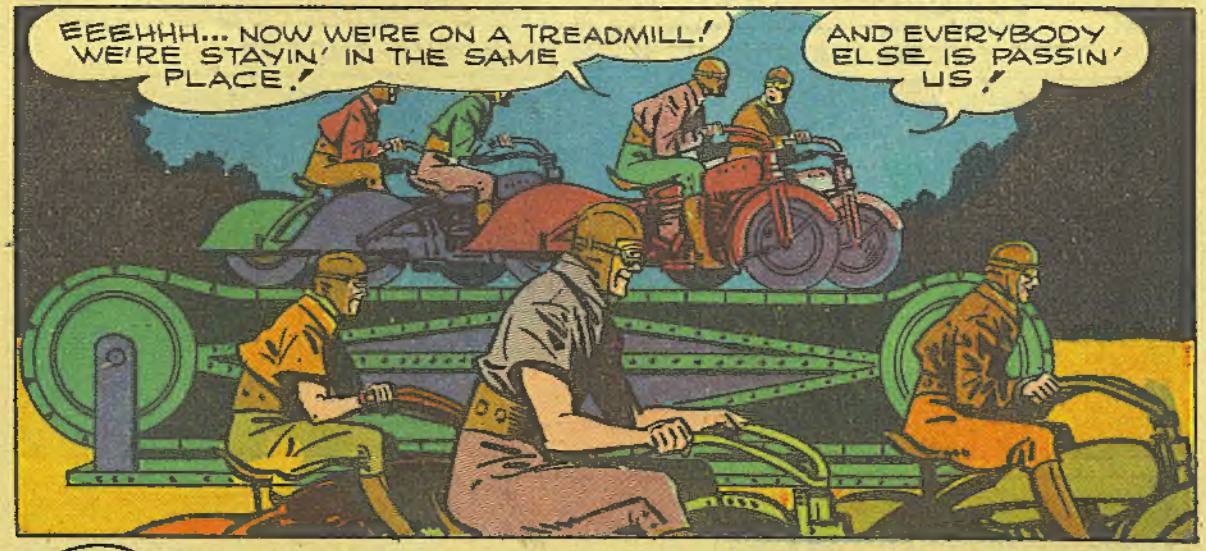

LOOKS BAD, BOSS... HIS EYES ARE LIKE A DEAD MAN'S.
TAKE THE GAG OFF... I'LL PUT A MIRROR IN FRONT OF HIS MOUTH AND SEE IF HE'S BREATHIN'.

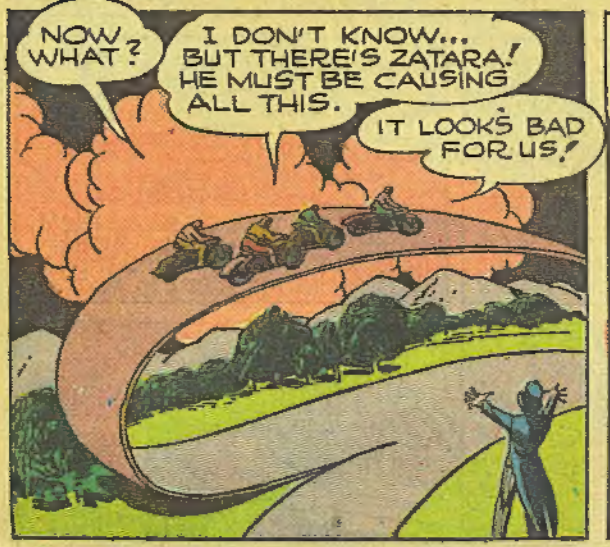
NOT A SIGN... HE'S LIKE A DOORNAIL, BOSS.
LADY LUCK'S LEFT ME. IT'S THE HOT SEAT FOR US!

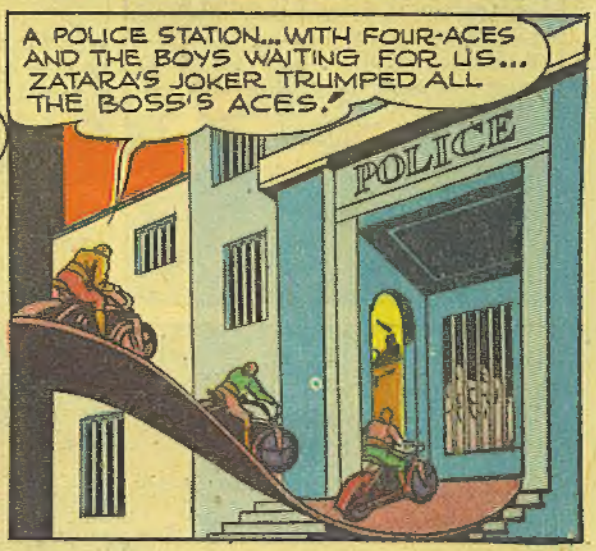
GOOD IDEA... OS EB TI!

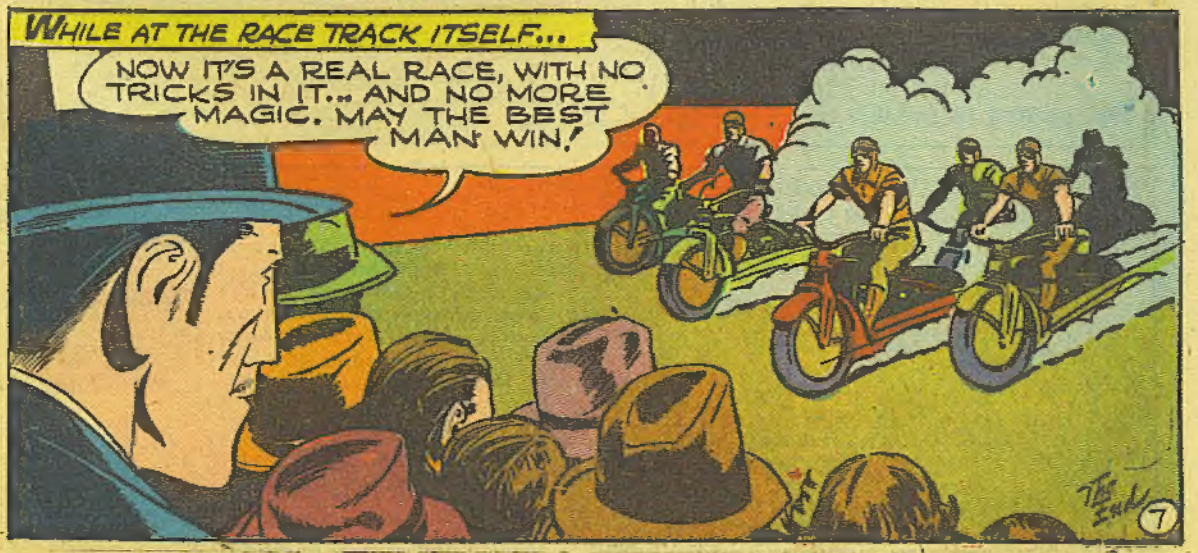

EEEEHHH... I'M BOININ' UP!
HOPE YOU'RE NOT DISAPPOINTED, BOYS... BUT THAT ELECTRICITY DIDN'T GO THROUGH ME AT ALL.


I NOTICED THOSE TWO WIRES BEFORE YOU BANDAGED ME, AND PUSHED THEM TOGETHER WITH MY FOOT.. THAT FLASH CAME FROM THE SHORT CIRCUIT, BUT I PLAYED DEAD SO YOU'D THINK I WAS ELECTROCUTED.
NEVER MIND THE EXPLANATIONS, ZATARA... JUST DEAL ME OUT OF THIS HAND!
NO YOU DON'T, CHUM!
GO AHEAD, LET THEM OUT... TUO FO GNIYRF NAP OTNI ERIF!
OOOOOo...
THEY'VE FAINTED... THAT IMAGINARY FIRE I COOKED UP WAS TOO MUCH FOR THEM. WELL, THE POLICE WILL TAKE THEM OVER... NOW TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE RACE.
THEY'RE ON THE LAST LAP, NOT ENOUGH TIME FOR A REAL RACE, BUT I CAN FIX THAT.
99
EMIT, EVOM SDRAWKCAB!
HUH..? I MUST BE DREAMIN' ...IT'S A HALF HOUR EARLIER THAN WHAT I THOUGHT... AND INSTEAD OF BEIN' NEAR THE FINISH, THE RACE IS ONLY HALF OVER!
49
YES, THE RACE IS ONLY HALF OVER... AND THE FUN IS JUST BEGINNING! AS ZATARA'S MAGIC MOVES INTO HIGH...
HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD... WE'RE RIDIN' ON AIR!


EEEHHH... NOW WE'RE ON A TREADMILL! WE'RE STAYIN' IN THE SAME PLACE!
AND EVERYBODY ELSE IS PASSIN' US!


NOW WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT THERE'S ZATARA! HE MUST BE CAUSING ALL THIS.
IT LOOKS BAD FOR US!


A POLICE STATION... WITH FOUR-ACES AND THE BOYS WAITING FOR US... ZATARA'S JOKER TRUMPED ALL THE BOSS'S ACES!
POLICE


WHILE AT THE RACE TRACK ITSELF...
NOW IT'S A REAL RACE, WITH NO TRICKS IN IT.. AND NO MORE MAGIC. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!

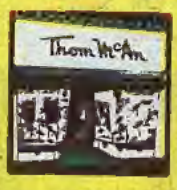
HOW THOM McAN SAVED THE FLAMING "40"

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE "40" IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL "H" SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.
NO PLACE TO LAND! NOTHING BUT TREES FOR MILES — WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
40
GEE, "H", I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS! WAIT, I HAVE IT— PUT THOSE SMOKE-MAKING CAPSULES IN MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!
WHOOOSH!
QUICKLY THOM STEPS INTO HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"— AND STREAKS SKYWARD AS "H" WATCHES HIM GO!
follow me
THE TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SPELLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STARTLED PILOT.
BAZOOOKA!
HOW'S THAT FOR A THREE-SECOND AIR FIELD!
THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A PERFECT EMERGENCY LANDING STRIP THROUGH THE FOREST... THE PLANE IS SAVED!!
THOM, YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SAVED OUR LIVES LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM McAN SHOES SAVE OUR FEET!
WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"— ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD)

— AND THOM McAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!

You can't help being thrilled over the swell features of THOM McANS. Solid comfort from toe to heel! Snappy styling high school and college crowds go for! Yet priced remarkably low! Keen styles for men too. When you buy your *next* Thom McAns—take Dad along!



THE THOM McAN X22
Sizes 1 to 5½. Similar Shoe for Men—Style 3680—Sizes 6 to 11.

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES

needs every craft she can get to take them off." He smiled tiredly. "And every man and boy."

"You mean they're trapped, father?"

It was unthinkable. The powerful British Expeditionary Force trapped by the Hun! But what of the Royal Navy?

"They're here, too," my father said. "And the Air Force as well." His eyes scanned the sky. "There's a wave of planes now."

They rocketted past us, and cheers came from the flotilla of boats. I held my breath, trying hard to grasp this situation, and feeling mighty proud. We were on a rescue mission!

On and on we churned through rough water. Night wouldn't be long in coming, and I wondered how far we were from the French coast. Now, the sound of guns booming was plainer and as we knifed on, they became louder and louder.

"We're making it," my father cried. "Here, Edmund, take the wheel."

It was a picture I'll never forget. Hundreds of ships were in the Channel that day—speedboats, fishing smacks, cargo boats, everything that would float. Overhead, the RAF had formed a sky umbrella. Out to sea the Royal Navy was standing guard.

And then I saw them, the lifeboats pulling toward us. Other men were swimming in the sea. Battle-bruised, weary men, but cheerful withal.

"Hold her steady as you can," my father cried as he bent over the gunwale and began hauling in men out of the water. They were exhausted, tired men, and they dropped limply on the deck.

It was hard work, holding the Olympus steady, but at last we were filled. I hadn't said a word. The wheel fought hard against my efforts to hold the boat on an even keel.

Some small boats were hit as they ran the blazing gauntlet of shell fire. Some of the boats were blown into bits. And yet it all seemed natural to me that moment. I only knew that we had to get these brave men off the beach where they had been trapped. "All right, son, start the engine."

We were off again, heading back to England. My father came up and took the wheel. "We're coming right back, son," he said. "Think you can stand another trip?"

He hadn't needed to ask me that. I knew I could. For now, at eleven, I knew the horrors of war. But I knew the glorious history of bravery, too. It was written in the faces of the wounded and bleeding men crowded on the deck of the Olympus.

We got those men back to England, and we returned again. We made four trips in all before the order came to cease operations.

My hands burned as though I were holding live coals when at last we made the final trip. My head ached, and sharp pains knifed through my body, but I didn't care. I wanted to get home, to tell Job about this magnificent story of English courage, a picture that would live forever with me. I wanted to paint for him what I felt, and had seen, so that he, too, would know it forever.

"Father, that beach we stood off today, what was the name of it?"

He looked at me grimly.

"You'll never forget the name, Edmund," he said. "No Englishman will. And we'll be back." He looked over his shoulder and said softly, "To Dunkirk."

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

PMHDMV PMTXA BPWAM EPW PMEX BPMUAMTDMA —IVL WBPMZA. CVQBML EM ABIVL, LQDQLML EM NITT!

SUPERMAN, OCT.
c o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

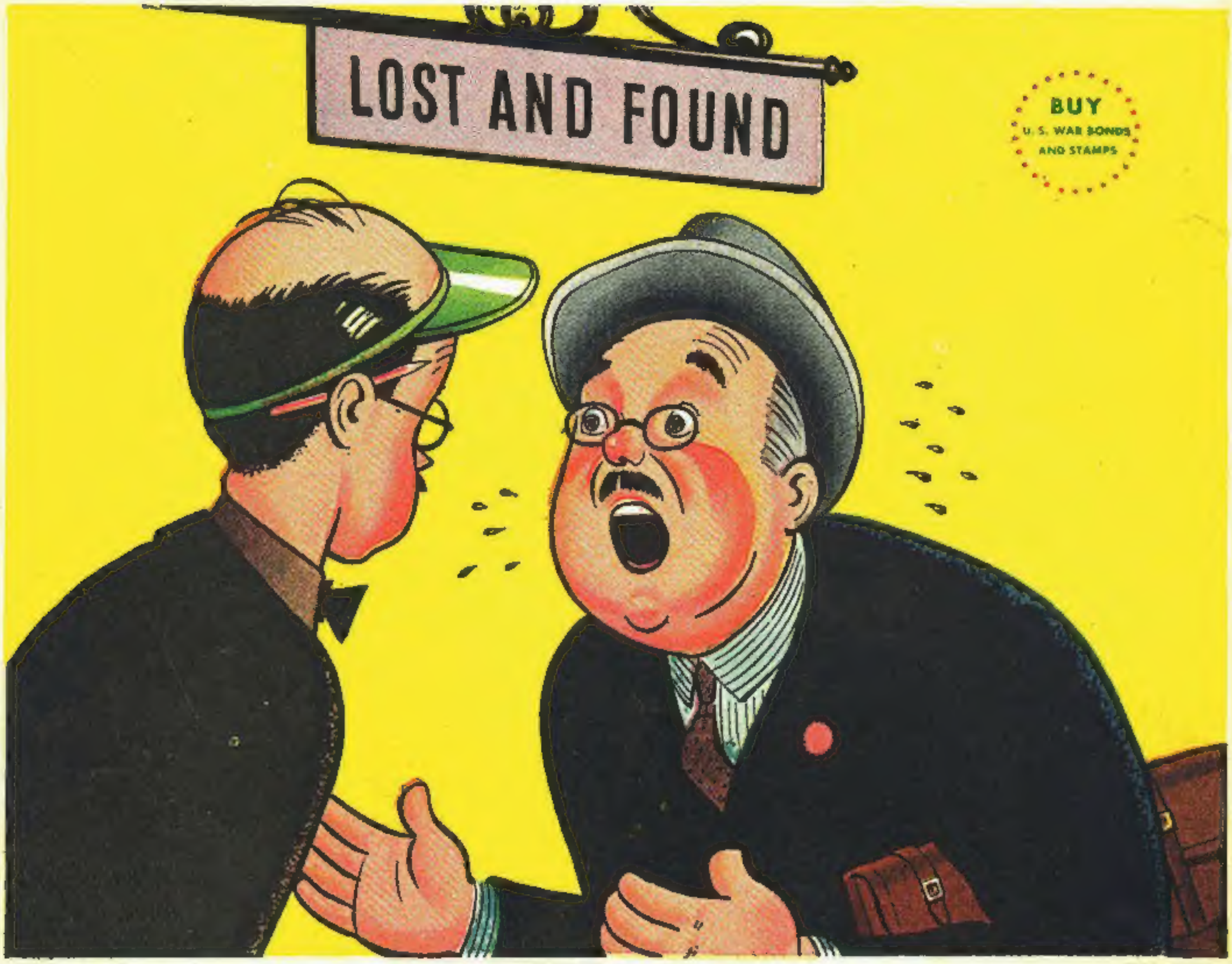
Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



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